

LIFE IN THE CUP

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CHAPTER I.

The rector of St. Paul's was very quiet as he proceeded to the church the Sunday following his experience of grace, accompanied by Mrs. Harper. Each knew that it was not the time to talk. But the quality of Mrs. Harper's silence was sympathetic. The church contained the usual crowd. As John Harper entered they stared at him. His usual expression had gone as well as the appearance of brisk energy with which his audience was familiar. These had been displaced by a strong compassion and quietness. They could not understand it but felt it. His strong face seemed full of light and peace.

For the first time in his life Harper enjoyed the lesson. It was vital with life to him. When the paid singers sang, for the first time he experienced a discord. The selection, and the manner of the singers themselves, hurt him. Then he crossed to the desk, feeling more weak and helpless than ever. As he prayed a thrill went through the congregation, as well as surprise. Harper had never before prayed extempore. There was nothing formal about

his prayer; but there was something that strangely moved them. There was a deep adoration of One whom he utterly loved and trusted.

“Oh, draw me to those feet, those wounded feet

That trod on earth for us, a path so full of thorns which only led to Calvary.

And while resting there—O, rest complete!

Enrapture hearts and minds and fix them on Thyself,

Calmly beholding from our lowly seat

Thy face, intensely sweet!

We can rest there,

And find in Thee, Thou fairest of the fair!

All, all we need, brightness of glory,

Yea, brightest spot up there.

'Tis there we learn secrets untold,

Except to those who learn this better part

To Mary known so well.

We are but poor shells, O, God!

Having no worth or value,

Washed up on the shores of Thy grace;

But if Thou will deign to listen,

Thou wilt hear faint echoes

Of the vast waves of Thine own love.”

Never before in St. Paul's had anyone heard such a prayer. When the people had lifted their heads they saw a transformed man whose cheeks were wet with tears. A great hush fell on the people. The rector opened his Bible and stepped to the side of his desk, saying nothing. After some moments of painful silence he said: Dear people! I prepared with great care a sermon for you to-day; but it has all gone from me. All I can say is, “Ye are bought with a price and ye are not your own.” As he stood there, a big working man left his seat and walking straight up to the front, said: “Sir! what must I do to be saved?” Harper could say nothing. He simply motioned to him to kneel; and the man knelt at the altar rail. Immediately from all over the congregation came men and women until forty souls knelt at the altar. Harper had had no experience in dealing with troubled souls and could only pray for them, that Christ in His Compassionate love, would help them as He had helped him.

Another surprise awaited the congregation when he left the chapel and came down to a

sobbing man and put his arm around him. His prayer was equally remarkable for John Harper: "O, Lord!" he said, "You lifted me out of a deep pit, please help this man, too. He does not know how to get out any more than I did; but he wants to get out. Lord, lift him!"

The following day the papers reported the doings at St. Paul's. It was good copy and the reporters had made use of it. Even his prayer was written down in full. The scene at St. Paul's became the talk of the town. People wondered what that man would do next. But no such harsh words were heard as before when he announced his theory of a "Christian Democracy." The people seemed to feel they had a man in their midst who lived up to his light and convictions, and they honoured him.

But the "higher critics" who had lost a promising disciple and the clergy of his communion were of a different stamp. To the destructive critics, the man who had been recognized as a scholar when he pronounced their shiboleth, was now spoken of as a stupid ignoramus; while to the clergy he had become a "ranter."

Harper felt he was again to hear from his bishop and wondered what it would be. All

day Monday and on Monday evening the men and women who had knelt at the altar had called and kept him busy. To some he listened with deep feeling to the story of their new-found joy and peace in believing. Others were yet under a cloud and these he helped as well as he could; but it was all so new to himself he could do little. Hattie Glover was there, and could do more than the rector. She was a help to a number. Her capabilities had been turned into a new channel and her homely, practical simplicity in repeating to them the text the rector had spoken on Sunday, by which she saw the light, was used to show the Saviour to others.

But the assistant Mr. McLean had not come to see him and Harper yearned over him. The home was a new place to both Mr. and Mrs. Harper. They felt that they were only guests there. That their Lord had become Master of the house, and they were only His willing-bondslaves. With a pleasure hitherto unknown they had laid their all at His feet, and had asked Him to receive their unworthy selves and their poor possessions, and deign to use them if He would. During the week they continued their ministry to the poor, and one day, when Mr.

Benson went to Simson's house, he found Harper kneeling by his bedside praying for John Simson; while a Bible lay open on the bed, as though it had just been read. As yet no words had been exchanged between these two strong men. But Miss Glover had spoken. No such scruples troubled her. She had told Mr. Benson what had taken place in her life and how others, too, had found joy in believing; and he had listened respectfully.

All through the week Harper felt he must undo what he had done, and as far as possible put himself right before God and man. Particularly he wanted to take back what he had so irreverently said against the virgin birth of Christ, and the flippant way he had spoken of the Gospels according to Matthew and Luke. For he realized now that the fault had been in him and not in the books. That his foolish heart had been darkened; that the Bible in the original was either all God-breathed and profitable for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God might be perfected and thoroughly furnished unto all good works, or the whole must be rejected.

CHAPTER II.

Harper secretly knew not himself how the change in him had come about.

Shortly before the events recorded in the last chapter the rector of St. Paul's had begun reading his Bible. He read many chapters daily, abandoning for a time all other reading. He soon became uneasy, and prolonged his reading into the night. His uneasiness, however, was rather increased than diminished. His sleep became troubled, his appetite impaired, and his appearance drove Mrs. Harper almost to distraction. On Saturday afternoons the boys missed him from the ball field. For weeks he had not called upon his old friend Howard Benson in Fulton Street. He did not avoid him on Sunday, nor his other friend Ira Warren; but while his greeting was as kindly as ever, there was something subdued about him his friends could not understand. The same crowds continued to come to hear him preach; but they noticed his sermons, filled with the milk of human kindness as usual, had lost their fire of enthusiasm; and it was observed he no longer tried to explain his doc-

trinal position or to account for his objection to a literal interpretation of the creed of his church he had vowed to maintain.

He was not nervous as he had been in his former crisis. His appearance was rather one of subdued thoughtfulness and his voice and manner bespoke quietness rather than excitement. One day he met his old friend Mr. Benson in the squalid house of the working man, John Simson, who was down with typhoid fever. They took turns in watching by his bedside, and supplying the nourishing food and, as his poor wages had barely kept life in his large family, they would have suffered both cold and hunger but for the ministration of these men of large soul and liberality.

The many meetings thus brought about worried Mr. Benson, who could not understand the change in Mr. Harper. With all his quietness he seemed troubled and distressed. Mr. Benson's code of ethics would not permit any questioning which he considered would be rude. Harper realized his friend was troubled, and understood his quiet sympathy; but he offered no explanation. He really had none to offer; for he understood himself as little as Mr. Benson—perhaps less. Some of the less contained

souls in his congregation, like Mrs. Larrabel and Mrs. Pimpnel, talked of the change that was coming over their rector, and wondered if there was another climax coming in his life. But none were so troubled as his assistant, McLean, though as usual he said nothing. When the two men met, as was unavoidable, each realized there was a constraint upon them, though neither referred to it.

Harper continued reading his Bible and grew more and more troubled. The preparation of his sermons became more and more of a burden, and were, as he fully realized, very dull and lifeless. The large working class he had attracted, remained loyal to him because they knew what he was doing for John Simson and others among them who were in distress. But his sermons were very tiresome and they continued to go to church and endure them, partly because they had faith in the man, and partly because the music was still good. For Mr. Harper with the full consent of his vestry, had engaged the best organist in the city, and also several of the best singers; so that St. Paul's quartette contained the best voices of any church in the middle west.

This required money; but Peter Goodwin had

agreed to make up any deficiency in their salaries, so they were engaged; and not even in the best operas could the people hear better voices than they now heard in St. Paul's.

After some months Harper became so unhappy, so unsettled and was so distressed, because baffled in every attempt to understand himself, he had taken to long walks in the woods outside of the city, and tried to analyse himself. He even prayed, kneeling down in the silent woods and cried unto God for relief from his torturing distress. But the Heavens gave back no answer—no relief came to his troubled soul.

One night, thinking he must have some relief; he went towards the theatre and lined up with the crowd for a ticket. He had taken to dress as a business man, rather than as a clerical, a change which greatly improved his manly appearance and made him more human and approachable, so that he was not particularly noticed in the line. Before he reached the wicket, however, he had turned aside and was wandering down a side street in one of the poorer districts, not knowing or even thinking of what he was doing. On Sixth Street near the corner of Eighth Avenue he saw an open

hall and someone speaking. Turning aside he entered and sat down in a vacant seat near the door.

Looking around the room he saw a very plain looking crowd, and the speaker was, if possible, even more uninteresting in appearance. He was trying to preach the Gospel; but had not much to say. Dividing his text into three headings, speaking about three or four minutes on each heading, he was run down. But seeing Harper's distressed face in the back of the hall, he pointed to him and said: "Young man, you are in a bad way! What you need is Jesus Christ." And going down to Mr. Harper he taught him how to receive Christ as a free gift; showing him that "Not by works of righteousness which we have done; but by His mercy He saved us." When Harper asked what he should do, he was promptly told to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all else would be added: You get the Kingdom with the King and God's righteousness with His righteous One. There is nothing to do but there is a Person to accept—God's Beloved Son, Jesus. Will you have Him? He's yours for the taking. Receive Him and He will give you the right to become a

child of God. See here it is: Jno. 1:12. Harper read the passage. This is the word you need, said the preacher: Rom. 4:5. Handing the Bible to Harper he told him to read it himself. As he read the way of life for the first time was made clear to him. He believed and went home a new man in Christ. He did not know how it was done. He only knew he had a great peace, assuredly believed and was intensely happy. In a moment of time Jesus Christ had become his Lord and Saviour and was to him a living, loving, personal friend. All his doubts of the Bible had disappeared. He knew now it was true because he knew the Author. He had found a great and precious secret and proposed keeping it to himself. It was too great to talk about. Besides he had been schooled to believe such things were not to be mentioned except in places like Mission Halls, perhaps. Yet his Sunday sermon was before him and he yearned over the people that came to him for bread and he could no longer give them a stone. He continued reading his Bible which was a new Book to him. A hitherto unknown love welled up in his heart for it, and its teaching became as clear as the sunlight. In the quiet of his study as he read, his eyes

were frequently dimmed with tears. He found himself unconsciously forgetting theories and as he read, he could see no man but Jesus only, and oft could see Him only through tears. He read and prayed much these first days of his new life in Christ.

As yet he had told Mrs. Harper nothing of the change which had been wrought in him, and in which he felt he had had no part. He thought of a hymn he had heard:

“His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn;
When from my sin and grief forlorn,
In grace, He lifted me.”

That explains it, he said. He just lifted me out of my sin and grief—and God knows it was forlorn. Then he remembered it was written: “He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement which procured our peace was upon Him;” and he said to himself, “Neither the first or second Isaiah spoke those words of himself; but as it is written, he was born along of the Holy Ghost as he predicted 700 years beforehand ‘the sufferings of Christ and the glory after these.’” He wept when he thought of

how for him, Harper, "He was marred more than any man," and yet he felt he could not talk about it, not even to Mrs. Harper who had hitherto shared his deepest thoughts. And he knew, too, she was suffering keenly. She had been lying down in a state of nervous exhaustion. He thought he knew what was the matter with her; but how could he tell her? But that night he managed to blurt out: "What you need is Jesus Christ." Then he choked and blushed like a boy. Not able to say any more he opened his Bible and read to her some of the passages that had become very dear to him; and as he read, she too, found peace in believing.

He had worked and prayed for hours daily over his Sunday sermon. Somehow he had no inclination to go for help to his commentaries. He seemed to feel they had failed him, and all that he had was from another source. Yet he knew not what to preach or how to preach. In his earnest desire to do right and give the people bread whom he had been feeding stones, he found his heart filled with compassion for them; but withal felt so helpless and unable to prepare for what he fully realized was to be a crisis. He found he had more and more liberty

in prayer and had no difficulty in pouring out his heart in adoration to his Lord. But his preparation of a sermon in the only way he had hitherto known, was very unsatisfactory. Yet he struggled on and prepared what he thought best to say, with the result shown in the previous chapter.

CHAPTER III.

In taking back some books to the library, Harper discovered that for the time it had been forgotten how very useful it had been to "higher critics" to be esteemed "nice men," "invariably courteous." When Harper said he thought the Bible ought to be allowed to witness for itself; that it never once claimed that the men who wrote were inspired, but the writings, and that the Spirit of God spake by them and His words were in their mouths, not in their heads, the librarian got very angry and rudely said: "O, you verbal inspirationists make me tired. You are always quoting 2nd Tim. 3:16, and saying "all scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable." What nonsense! Do you call those long chapters of unpronounceable names profitable? There are those border towns of Judah: Not satisfied with writing down all the outside border towns they turned around and wrote another list of the inside towns. Of what earthly use is the like of that to us 'moderns?' A few extinct towns of an extinct province and nation!" "Indeed!" said Harper, "they are not extinct

though they have been without a king or prince or teraphim these many days, even as it was predicted. But Disraeli was right when asked to give a proof in one word that the Bible was inspired, he answered: 'The Jew.' But as to those border towns, I cannot answer you; I know, however, they must be profitable or God would not say so."

"Do you mean to tell me you no longer believe in the nobility and goodness of the race?" indignantly asked the librarian. "That man is naturally wicked apart from environment and circumstances? That he is unable to regenerate himself? That he has no divine spark in him, which under God will ultimately lead to God's ideal?"

"Yes, to all your questions," answered Harper. "I know myself such an one. The things that baffled me before the light of the glory of Christ shone upon me and I was saved, was that I mistook the Holy Spirit's conviction working upon me from without, convicting me of sin, righteousness and judgment, as my own undisciplined self; and the evil spirit's suggestion that I was capable myself of growing into the highest ideal—that I had such a 'divine spark' in me, a goodness of my own and there-

fore in all men was attributed to my own rightness. I even set up a fellow sinner as my example if not my saviour. In other words, while I believed as you do, I reversed the truth. I considered the wooing of the Holy Spirit as *evil* in me, and the suggestions of the devil as *good* in me. It is very pitiful and humiliating that any human being of ordinary intelligence should be made such a dupe of Satan's; but such is the naked fact."

"Dogmatism!" sneeringly commented the "critic."

"If you like," said Harper; "but not rudeness. Dogmatism according to what God has spoken and His Spirit revealed; not dogmatism according to man's wisdom."

"There you go again!" sneered the real dogmatist. "When has God spoken? To whom has His Spirit given a revelation of truth?"

"God has spoken from the beginning in various ways; but in these last days has spoken in His Son," quietly answered Harper, "and in unutterable grace His Spirit has revealed the truth to the sinner standing before you."

This rather quieted the little man who accused others of his own glaring weakness, and whose only objection to the Bible was that it

stripped man naked before God of all his own professed righteousness, leaving him a puny, sinful being with a darkened mind, and lost; whose only hope lay in bowing to God's will and accepting His provision, without money and without price, as a free gift. If God would only accept something of man and not make him a subject of charity, that would be different.

The librarian spoke again: "What self-respecting man can give himself up to such a dogma?"

"None," briefly answered Harper and waited. By and by the little man again spoke:

"Would you have me believe a man like you threw away his self-respect?"

"Yes," again the disconcerting monosyllable. Then came this question:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Harper, "that so long as man respects himself more than God, he is what the Asiatics call unwilling to 'lose his face.' The Lord referred to the same thing in the words: 'He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' When I became willing to lose my self-

respect (my face, my life) I immediately found it."

"Explain yourself!" ordered the one time courteous "higher critic."

"That is very easy to do," patiently answered Harper; "but wholly useless. You are really asking that man's puny brains sit in judgment on the fiat of Almighty God; and that He submit to you His propositions if He has any to make. I tell you He has none to submit to you. What you are seeking to pry into is God's sacred secret, unconditionally, which He never reveals to unregenerate man except in the one provided way of being willing to know from Him on His own terms. Unless you bow to the conditions and fulfill them as a little child, trustfully, without reason, God has nothing for you or any man in the way of enlightenment."

"Do you mean it is 'fish or cut bait,' 'duck or no dinner?'" asked the librarian.

"Exactly," again the monosyllable, with conviction.

"Then I tell you I won't fish and won't duck," said the proud man.

"God has left the consequences to you," sadly replied Harper. "He has accepted that

gauge in tears, because He is not willing that any should perish. The strong man goes down to the place prepared for the devil and his angels, wholly against God's wish and provision, because he would not come unto Jesus that he might have life."

And turning sadly away he left the poor, lost, rebellious soul, who in his own impotence would become God's own equal, rather than yield and become His adopted son and co-heir with Christ of all that the Father hath.

When Harper went home and took down his Lexicons to look up the meaning of the names of those border towns, he was amazed to find their meaning, when written out in consecutive order, agreed with the way he had been led into Christ. He thought that was fairly "profitable," and so looked up the inside border towns. He was still more amazed to find these gave a complete system, in proper sequence, as to the way a man should live after he had been engrafted into Christ.

Following this plan, he looked up the words for virgin. Heretofore he had simply taken some "higher critic's" word for it, and as they were always suggesting they were the only scholars, he had listened to them and believed.

He found two words in the Hebrew for virgin or maiden—*bathoola* and *halmah*; the first meaning an unengaged girl—one not contracted for marriage; the second meaning an engaged girl—one contracted for marriage. The former he found occurred several times in the Old Testament and the latter only twice. Reading carefully the connection, he found that when Elieasar sought a virgin bride for Isaac, he asked of God in prayer for a *bathoola*. His prayer being immediately answered, he gave Rebekah betrothal presents; and going to her home recited to her guardians what had taken place, calling Rebekah *halmah*—considering her as engaged. This was accepted by her mother and brother as settled, because it “proceeded from the Lord,” and they refused to interfere. Again God spake through the mouth of His prophet Isaiah, 700 years before Christ, and Harper found the word the Holy Spirit put in Isaiah’s mouth, was *halmah*, which in English is translated virgin; and that the passage literally read: “Behold, a betrothed maiden shall conceive and bring forth a son.” And turning over the leaves of his Bible, he read: “Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as His mother Mary was espoused

to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child by the Holy Ghost.” For a time he sat in amazement at the ignorance of so-called scholars, and the preciseness with which the Holy Spirit chose His words 700 years before the event. Going to his bookshelves he took down the translation of the seventy greatest scholars among the Hebrews 280 years before Christ, to see what word they used in the Greek for virgin, when they made their translation of the Old Testament into Greek. He found they used in Isa. 7:14 the only word in the Greek for virgin—*parthenos*. Again he turned back to the beginning of the Bible and found the coming Deliverer promised in Gen. 3:15 was to come from female seed—not from male seed. As he sat in amazement at the simplicity and accuracy with which words had been selected in the Bible to convey God’s thoughts to man, he was carried away in adoration. When the spell was broken he sat with bowed head in shame that he had ever set up his puny intellect to condemn such a God-breathed book.

Answering a knock at his study door, Harper was surprised to see the librarian.

"Just dropped in to have a talk," he said familiarly.

He was a Hebrew, who like all destructive critics and many of his nation considered himself a scholar. Learned in the Talmud (the Hebrew's standard of great learning) and in ancient languages; he also considered himself a historian.

The conversation soon turned to the virgin birth of Christ. "But," said he, "the word for virgin in the book called Isaiah in chapter seven, verse fourteen, is not our word for virgin at all—it is *halmah*, which is young woman, whereas we always use *bathoola* for virgin."

"Quite so! I cannot see, however, that the word *halmah* weakens the point, but rather strengthens it," answered Harper.

"No! no! my friend! It is not so. If there was anything in the prophesy at all the word would have been *bathoola*," he excitedly replied.

"Do you know of no case among your nation's ancient scholars where the word virgin was used in another language?" queried Harper.

"None whatever!" he answered, with the destructive critic's usual assurance.

"Supposing there was such a case, what then?" ingeniously asked Harper.

"It is impossible"—again with the usual assurance.

"Supposing a committee of your countrymen had been chosen to make a translation of what we call 'The Old Testament' into Greek, for the use of Hebrews scattered abroad who spoke the Greek language, and this committee consisted of seventy of the greatest Hebrew and Greek scholars in the nation, who some centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ translated the word *halmah* in Isaiah 7:14, by the Greek word *parthenos*, what would you say?" quietly asked Harper.

"I tell you it is impossible! Besides, such a thing never happened," with still more assurance.

Without the quiver of an eyelash, Harper went to his shelves and took down a copy of the Septuagint. Turning to Isaiah 7:14 he placed his finger in the book and opened it at the title page, where the boasting scholar read: "A translation of the Old Testament into the Greek language at Alexandria, by a committee of seventy Hebrew scholars. These were said to

be employed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, about the year B. C. 280." Then Harper let him see the translation.

When he saw the word *parthenos* he got on his feet and walked up and down the study, pulling his hair and shouting: "What business had they to use the word *parthenos*! It is the only word in the Greek language for virgin!"

When he had become a little calmer, Harper remarked that he was quite right. It was the only word for virgin in the Greek. "But I will show you," said he, "that your own translation of 'young woman' is the better word." Then he turned to the simple, sublime words in Mathew: "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as His Mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found of child of the Holy Ghost."

"You see," gently remonstrated Harper, "that the Mother of Jesus Christ of necessity was a *halmah*, to fulfill literally Isaiah 7:14. Your seventy countrymen had no resource but to use the one word for virgin in the Greek, as our translators have also done in English. It

would have been better had they both used the words 'espoused young woman.' '*

The man left without saying a word.

*This describes a scene which took place in a large American city about twenty years ago, between a learned Christian physician and a Hebrew Rabbi of much more than ordinary scholarship. In the same study three destructive critics, all of whom boasted great scholarship, declared there was no such thing as *parthenogenesis*. The physician turned up the subject in the British Encyclopedia and placed it before them, proving again that the boasted scholarship of such men is only a fledgling, and that he who accepts God's doctrine is always right.—(Editor.)

CHAPTER IV.

Out in the suburbs of the city lived a devout Bible student to whom John Harper had hitherto barely spoken. Calling upon Arthur Trimble he was received graciously. Mr. Trimble was surprised to hear the much reported "higher critic" of St. Paul's express such an earnest belief in the verbal, errorless inspiration of the Scriptures in the original, and noted how Mr. Harper loved his Bible. In response Mr. Trimble showed him something he had just found in the Hebrew numerals. How that the number thirteen was always associated in the Bible with apostasy, and that he had been amazed to find the names of the apostate kings all contained the numerical equivalent for thirteen; and that looking up the names of the faithful kings who had not departed from God he found they stood for the same numerical equivalent as Jesus' name, in the Hebrew—*Yoshua*. Hitherto scripture texts in the original and lexicons had lain unused on his shelves, while he read the puny guess books of pseudo-scholars. He found Mr. Trimble had scarcely any books apart from an excellent number of

lexicons and original Bible texts. These Harper noted and added copies to his library, which became thenceforth his greatest human helps.

On the following Sunday he made his great confession. He carefully reviewed what men had to say out of their puny intellects about the virgin birth of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. Stepping up to the desk he brought his powerful hand down on the big Bible, saying as he did so: "I have not opened that Book. I have shown you the moonlight and starlight of metaphysics on this subject;" and swinging the big Bible over his head, open before the people, he cried: "Do you want to see the Sunlight?" Without any thought of where they were or what they were doing, the people burst into loud applause. As Harper put the Book back on the desk he exclaimed: "Thank God for that thunder!" Then turning over the leaves of the Bible he read David's confession: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." "And that is the way we were all conceived," said he. Turning to the New Testament he read the matchless story of the Son of God, conceived of the Holy Ghost out of seed of the

young woman Mary; and quickly turning the leaves of the Bible read again: "God hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin," "Who did no sin—who His own self bore our sins in His body on the tree."

Then he told them in the simplest conversational way what a blessed time he had had during the week studying his Bible and how the Holy Spirit had opened up the Scriptures unto him, showing from what he had been taught, that not only was it necessary that Jesus Christ should thus be sinlessly conceived of the Virgin Mary, or He Himself had been a mere man, as much in need of a Saviour as anyone of us, and that this had all come to pass exactly as it was written of Him, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." "A few months ago I told you in the density of my darkened mind, that I no longer believed in the virgin birth of Christ, and that I rejected the authority of the church. Today I tell you I believe with all my soul in the virgin birth of Christ. I still reject the authority of the church, for it has no authority; but I accept the authority of that Divine Book"—again putting his hand on the Bible—"and I believe it from cover to cover."

"With intense shame and deep regret," he continued, "I confess to you in this place where I denied my Lord and put Him to an open shame, by trying to put a *bar-sinister* across His immaculate birth and reproach the good name of His virgin mother. My only defense is that I did it ignorantly with mine eyes blinded by the god of this age, less the light of the glory of the Gospel of Christ should shine upon me. I do not palliate my offense of trying to interpret God's sacred secrets with my carnal mind, secrets never made known to men but by the Spirit of God—the Mind of Christ—whom in infinite love and mercy I now have, and who graciously taught me the truth in Christ. I do not excuse my conduct; I only make such reparation as I can by confessing the wrong I have done. Of one thing I am glad: that while thus engaged in denying my Lord, I was hindered from the dishonest act of receiving a salary for preaching Him whom I denied. But while this sorrow has been spared me, I must still bear the sorrow of previously accepting a salary as a man of light, when my foolish heart was darkened and I was as a blind man leading the blind. But God is good; and He will yet put me in a position, I believe, of

making restitution of all my unjust gain. I further read here that He who knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done.' 'But to him who worketh not; but believeth in Him who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' Are you ungodly? Do you want to be justified? 'Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation.' As he was speaking from all over the church people came forward, filling all the space around the altar rail, penitently pleading, 'The only name given under Heaven among men, whereby they must be saved.' "

CHAPTER V.

This was all good copy and the reporters did it justice. When the Monday papers came out Harper was the most talked of man in the city. Mrs. Harper had admired and respected him before; now she almost worshipped him. The souls he had been used to win loved him, and the people respected him. His assistant, McLean, was deeply moved but said nothing. His mother's Bible had been given back to him that day, and he saw with the eyes of his soul the sinless One, hanging on the tree, made sin for him. He spent a week in agony of spirit, and was found in the morning watch, on his knees in his study, crying unto God for forgiveness of his wicked sins. He had been praying all night. He could endure no more and thought perhaps Harper could help him. So he called and explained his distress and how there seemed no forgiveness for him. Harper opened his pocket Bible—he always carried one now—and handed it to McLean, opened at Romans 4:5, and asked him to read it. When McLean had read it, Harper said, "Don't you see, McLean, there is nothing for you to do, because all has

been done for you? Can't you believe that?" Then the tears came to this quiet man's eyes, as he said: "I see it all. And it is so simple. Why could I not see it before?" "That is because you were never before born of God—born by the Word and by God's Spirit, who is now given unto you and who has enlightened the eyes of your understanding, and let you see Jesus, your Sin-Bearer, bearing away your sins in His body on the tree." Then together they knelt and praised God for all His mercy and goodness to two such sinners.

When the bishop, who had willingly allowed Harper to remain when he had denied Christ, read the account of his Sunday sermon, he sent for the rector, who waited for his bishop in the garden after they had lunched together. When the bishop joined him he said that now St. Paul's congregation had grown so large, a wider sphere of action was needed for him, and he could consider himself free to enter it. Harper looked at him a moment. Then he said: "You have taken my harness off, and you will never put it on again."

Returning to the city he immediately contracted for the music hall for the following

Sunday and announced in the willing press the Sunday service.

He had now his third congregation in the city. The first composed of self-righteous plutocrats such as Elder Carr and little sermon tasters like Loudon Roxbury, professing to be orthodox, to hide their evil deeds and unbelief, without an inkling of the meaning of orthodoxy. Then he had got together a large crowd of working people, because of his sympathy with them and denouncement of their oppressors. Now he had a third following of twice-born men whom he found sitting before him on Sunday morning, and all vacant seats and standing room occupied by others. Some there were, as one lady put it: "slept in a neighboring church, but took their meals with Mr. Harper, who fed them with 'the sincere milk of the word, that they might grow thereby.'" But the great bulk of the crowd were composed of the hungry multitude. They loved a manly man, who spoke the truth boldly as he ought to speak it. They had read the graphic account of his holding the open Bible over his head on Sunday, and the thunder of applause, when he asked them if they would see the sunlight. And as many a man read, he found himself in spirit

back in the old home gathered around the family Bible, as their white-haired father read it morning and evening and plead with his God for them. Again they were at their mother's knees, saying, "Now I lay me." Mother and father had both long since "crossed the bar." They remembered their sweet mother's last pleading with them to meet her in Heaven, and when they came out of their reverie they said: "My father's Bible is good enough for me. I have been looking for a man who believed it. I will go to hear that man; and I rather think mother will be pleased."

Among those who had accepted Christ the previous Sunday was a young journeyman printer, by the name of Michael O'Connor. He had been brought up a Romanist. In the printing office where he now worked were some earnest Christian men and Mike had learned that all that Romanists said about "heretics" was not believable. His people believed in a church, called Mary the Mother of God, and counted beads. These Christian men had a living, personal Saviour, whom they adored and spoke of lovingly as their Friend. They also had Bibles which they seemed to enjoy reading. He had never seen a Bible in his home. So Mike went

forward with the crowd that second Sunday and found joy and peace in believing. Harper had been in the printing office where Mike worked, getting some posters for his friends to distribute, announcing the Sunday service in the music hall. While giving his order he heard someone singing in the press room. "Who is that?" he said. "I never heard sweeter singing in my life." "That is Mike," said the manager. "He often brings tears to my eyes." "May I speak to him, sir?" asked Harper. "I think I know him." "O, certainly! walk right out, make yourself at home," said the manager. And Harper entered the press room, guided by the voice, he found red-headed Mike. They shook hands cordially, and Harper said, "Mike! can you come to see me tonight? I have something I want you to do for me, and you and Mrs. Harper will have a sing together. I don't sing myself but I love music, and man! you have a marvellous voice! You must give that to God. Will you come?" "I'll be there," said Mike.

This reminded Harper he had no hymn books for Sunday. He decided he would use only old tunes that everybody sang when they were children, and as soon as he reached home he

ordered a thousand evangelistic hymn books to come by express. Then he selected the hymns for the service in the music hall, and took Mrs. Harper into his confidence. At 7:30 Mike arrived, neatly dressed in his "Sunday best." Well, they had a great time that night. Mrs. Harper's tact drew Mike completely out of his shyness, and she helped him to get the hymns right. Mike went every night that week and enjoyed himself thoroughly. But the tune they spent the most time over was that pathetic hymn of Norris' so exquisitely set by Robert Harkness—"My Mother."

"I have engaged a piano for Sunday," Harper said to his wife on Thursday. "You will play it, won't you?" "No, I think not," said she. "I don't play well enough; and besides, you remember the lady who said her name was Abbe Clarke, who came forward last Sunday?" "Yes," said Harper, "I do," wondering what she meant. "I have been making her acquaintance," continued Mrs. Harper; "she has been singing in opera, and the other day when you were out she called and played some for me. Egypt, about the year B. C. 280." Then Harper thought I never heard such playing. She told me her story, too, and I think her a rare char-

acter. When I asked her the secret of her playing, she turned with tears in her eyes and said, 'It must be because I have given myself to the Lord and asked Him to accept my poor life and use me, if He would. I have been reading: 'A Bruised reed will He not break and the smoking flax will He not quench.' I hardly understand myself yet; but He seems to have blown with His breath upon my smudge fire; and I have known masters to play on very poor instruments such wonderful music, that I am persuaded my new found Lord is such a Master, and will not break my little flute, but will mend it and play upon it the songs of the redeemed.' So I think, sir," said Mrs. Harper, "that God has secured for you a pianist and choir leader, too—when you get one. Shall I ask her around tomorrow evening to sup with us?" "By all means do," said Harper, who was just beginning to realize that God was working with him and for him, and he could say no more then.

When Miss Clarke came Friday evening, she too realized that her reed was accepted and God was caring for her. Later in the evening Mike came, and Abbe Clarke took possession of him. Mike hardly knew what was happening to him. Miss Clarke was one of those natural musicians

who make music musical. To her thorough training and practice she added a catching enthusiasm, and Mike sang as he never had before and was ready to do anything for this wonderful woman. Taking him aside, Harper told him that he wished him to stand by Miss Clarke at the piano on Sunday and sing the hymns he had been learning and sing "My Mother" as a solo, after the sermon. Mike's bashfulness immediately came to the front. But when Harper told him he was not asking for himself; that he believed the Lord wanted to help some poor soul to a decision with the song, and said: "You'll do it for Him, Mike?" the lad bowed his head and said, "yes, I'll do anything for Him, Sir."

On Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. Harper entered the hall, they found it almost full and the people still coming; and when he stood up to give out the old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," more than 3,000 people were assembled. Miss Clarke played a bar through and the people stood to sing. Her rich, beautiful soprano, blended with Mike's pathetic, soul-stirring voice and the almost talking piano had the audience joining in before they got to the

second line, and gaining in volume until the last verse became a mighty chorus.

As they remained standing, Harper asked in the simplest words for God's gracious presence and blessing on the service. He then read a Psalm and gave out: "Tell me the old, old story." From the first word everybody sang. They had caught Miss Clarke's enthusiasm and seemed to feel she wanted them to sing. They could not resist her if they would. Another prayer, when the people seemed to realize they were being remembered before God by a righteous man and were grateful.

At the close of the prayer Mr. Harper told them, without any bitterness, that the bishop had seen fit to take off his harness, and as he was now a free-lance he had invited them to the music hall, and thanked them for accepting his invitation. They then sang, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," after which Mr. Harper stepped to the front of the stage and commenced quietly talking about Jesus. The poor girls Miss Glover had got together and whom Mr. Benson had befriended, had been much on his heart, and he had them in mind as he talked. He spoke of Jesus' way with men, of the widow and Mary of Magdala—Luke 7.

"Coming along the road from Capernium, on His way from Galilee to Jerusalem, the Lord of Life encountered death. The last enemy had cruelly entered the home of a widow and taken her boy. Her husband dead, and the boy being the only son, was presumably the last breadwinner, making a scene full of pathos. The joy that a man child was born into the world had all gone out in her night of sorrow. Remembrance of the days she crooned her lullaby to him as he lay in her arms, only bring pain to her thrice lonely heart. No longer will she have his supper waiting, nor listen for his footsteps as he comes from the day's toil, the pride of her life—all is past and gone, and she is desolate indeed.

They are carrying him out to lay him in the dust from which he sprang and she follows, weeping. Down the road comes Jesus. She does not see Him, but He sees her. He always sees first. Immediately the countenance changes of this "Man of sorrows acquainted with grief." The very picture of the widow's woe is instantly mirrored in His face—such was the capacity of His sympathy.

"He said unto her, weep not. He touched the bier, and they that bore stood still. And He

said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And Jesus delivered him to his mother."

The reflection of her joy is immediately seen in His face. "We have not a Saviour who is not touched with a feeling for our infirmities." He knows how to "weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice."

"Much people of the city was with the widow." "A fear came on all, and they glorified God, saying, that a great prophet is risen up among us; and that God hath visited His people."

Tired with the 18-mile journey from Capernaum to Nain, wearied with the crowd and noise as His sensitive soul surely was, dusty and thirsty as He must have been, yet He ceases not to do good. It was sufficient to stay Him that His friend John who lay in prison for his faithfulness, was troubled, and had sent his disciples to Jesus for comfort. Before Him had gathered in the streets of Nain a great crowd of impotent folk, "And He cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind He gave sight." Then He said to John's disciples, "Go your way and tell John the things ye have seen

and heard," and pronounced a blessing upon him.

How delicate and thoughtful was the courtesy of the Master. He sent the disciples of John back to him with the word of glad cheer first, and then addressed the waiting crowd, and gave that noble tribute to his friend lying in jail, disgraced in the eyes of men but exalted in the eyes of Jesus. *He* knows and *He* appreciates! and He isn't going to let the opportunity pass to give him honour. He told them of his manliness, and placed the man lying in Herod's dungeon upon God's highest honour roll of fame—second to none, but to those in the Kingdom of God. I mention all this because of one who stood and listened.

She was a woman of the streets. I think there is an intimate relation between His noble testimony for His absent, disgraced friend and this poor girl. I fancy I can see her catch her breath and a look of deepest yearning come into her face, as she listens to this first word of hope for her, from the Compassionate One who is loyal to a man in disgrace. *She* is in disgrace, would He help her? Surely He, too, would not refuse to befriend her! No, no. His every

look is full of justice and tenderest consideration.

One of the Pharisees gave this popular Man an invitation to eat at his house, and the Master goes. While they recline at supper on the triangle tables with their feet outwards and leaning upon their elbows to receive the food from the waitress, an unprecedented thing happens in that house. When the company went to supper, a poor girl was seen hurrying along the street to the apothecaries. She has somehow attained entrance to the house, and walks straight to the feet of Jesus, still dusty with the day's travel. Poor girl! His look has broken her heart; and as she stands over His feet at the outside of the triangle the tears flow and drop upon them. She brushes off the falling tears with her long raven locks; but they will flow, and again she brushes them away, until she has washed His feet with her tears and dried them with her tresses; and then be-thinks her of the ointment.

How well these two understand each other? Love always understands. No word had been spoken. None was needed. He knew what she wanted. He knew she was broken-hearted for her sin, and craved His forgiveness; and she

seems absolutely sure of Him, that He won't turn her away.

The finer souls at meat knew Jesus; but the Pharisee's was a coarse soul—he couldn't leave them alone. So he begins to breathe his miasmatic doubts about the genuineness of Jesus—his own guest. The Master would pay no attention to that; but Simon had attacked the poor girl, and that He will not tolerate. Oh! how blessed it is to have a manly, fearless, Saviour! He knew Simon's miserable thoughts and addressed him with a question. As usual the Pharisee could not answer. They never can. But this is an added touch of the consideration of the Gentleman. He would not embarrass poor Mary, so He tells Simon what He thinks of her and incidentally rebukes the proud Pharisee: "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee, and he saith Master, say on."

"There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love Him most? Simon answered, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He saith unto him; thou hast rightly judged.

"And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which were many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven loveth little. And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And when they had questioned His right to forgive sins, He repeated the gracious pardon: Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

Not a word of rebuke; not a cross look; not one angry word. Blessed Lord! Many of us sinners living today have cause to bless Thee for the same gentle consideration, the same matchless love.

And what a disciple Mary made! We love to think of her as "First at the sepulchre, last at the cross." To her was given to be the first sheep to be called by name by the risen Shepherd. She knew not the glorified form;

but when the good Shepherd called His Own sheep "Mary!" she immediately responded "Rabboni!" "His sheep know His voice." "A stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." The wolf may put on sheep's clothing but cannot change his voice. Thank God for that! Who can tell what it meant to Mary to have Jesus call her by name! To be called by the given name is the longed for word from the lips of all lovers. When the right person puts the right tone in the voice, what can equal it? It is said of one greatly beloved that no one could say Jesus as he did. But O, what must it have meant to Mary whom Jesus loved, to hear Him say "Mary," that broken-hearted morning! What will it mean to you, to me, that resurrection morning when Jesus comes? Will we be among His Own sheep whom He calls by name? There will be ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands singing the new song to Him who loveth us, but I can imagine no voice in all that throng will be recognized. But when Jesus speaks—every sheep in His fold will know *His* voice. And to be greeted in Heaven by Jesus, and called by name! That is beyond all words and past all thinking.

How well, too, Mary had learned from Him the lesson on the streets of Nain that day, as he defended His imprisoned friend. When asked why she wept, she quickly answered, "because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Executed as a common criminal between two thieves, in the most barbaric way known to man, He was still her Lord.

It has been well said, "When Jesus would justify her before Simon, He spake of her *works*; but when He would send her away in peace, He spake of her *faith*. Our works can never assure us; what He has done for us can."

When Mr. Harper had finished his discourse he asked the people to continue quiet while Mr. O'Connor sang; after which any who wished to come forward to please do so.

Miss Clarke played through the hymn once, and Mike stood up to sing. He hardly knew what he was doing except that Jesus wanted him to sing for Him. Fixing his eyes away up at the roof in the farthest end of the hall, he sang:

"My mother's hand is on my brow,
Her gentle voice is pleading now:

Across the years so marred by sin,
What memories of love begin.

“O, mother! when I think of thee,
‘Tis but a step to Calvary;
Thy gentle hand upon my brow
Is leading me to Jesus now.

“Once more I see that look of pain,
The anguish in those eyes again;
My heart is sad, for well I know
My sin has caused that bitter woe.”

By this time he had lost all nervousness, and the sweet pathos of his voice was gripping the people while the words stirred them deeply. The audience was with him when he commenced the third verse:

“While others scorned me in their pride,
She gently drew me to her side;
When all the world had turned away,
My mother stood by me that day.”

Sobs were heard all over the building, and Miss Clarke, in perfect sympathy with Mike, played the tune through while he rested. Then

he let his voice out for the last verse and sang in triumph:

“I’m coming home by sin be-set,
For Jesus loves me, even yet;
My Mother’s love brings home to me
The greater love of Calvary.”

By Miss Clarke’s instruction he had sung it as though he were declaiming. The audience was melted. The voice that had sung and the hands that had played were consecrated to the Lord, and the people were bowed as one man. For a moment they sat spell bound. Then one of the men who had said he was going to hear a man who believed his father’s Bible and who had promised his mother to meet her in Heaven, rose and went forward. Standing in front of Mr. Harper who had remained standing, he said: “Sir! I had a good mother; and I promised her I would meet her in Heaven. I wish to keep my word.” Mr. Harper motioned him to kneel. Then the girls who sat in front with Miss Glover rose and kneeled, while from all over the building they began filling the aisles and going forward. When the space in front was filled they kneeled in the aisles, and Harper told them in simple words how their salvation

had been won for them and all they had to do was to believe that, and by accepting Him who justified the ungodly, their belief would be accounted by God as righteousness. This is what God says, and he read them Romans 4:5. If God had given them this belief to rejoice in, they should say so, confessing Jesus Christ their Lord, "For with the mouth is confession made unto salvation." Asking them to rise, he said: "If this is true of you, say so. Say I accept Jesus as my Lord." One of the girls in front said, "Oh I do, I do! I love Him!" Then these several hundred people said, "I do." Bidding them come to his home if he could further help them, he asked them to be seated.

Then he said to the people, "God willing there will be service here next Sunday at the same hour. Mr. McLean has prepared a roll for signing. After prayer, will all who would like to join with us please sign the roll. We have no church home as yet, but God will give us one. Meanwhile we will take communion together here next Sunday, if the Lord willeth." Then he prayed—prayed for these babes in Christ, asking the good shepherd who had sought them until He found them, to assure

them He had them on His mighty shoulders, and would take them safely Home.

He had barely finished when two white-haired old men went down the aisle, and taking the pen signed the roll. It was Howard Benson and Ira Warren. Mr. Benson looking at Mr. Harper said, "I have been a Cornelius; and God has sent you to tell me words whereby I am saved."

These were followed by the hundreds, who, during the three Sundays had confessed Christ. When the roll was counted it was found that more than five hundred people had signed their names as members of this new communion without a name, without a home and without a creed other than the Bible they had heard proclaimed, and which they believed.

Mr. Harper told them he would be moving during the week to a house on Fulton street, near Mr. Benson's. As it was too small to hold a meeting in, would they kindly meet him at The Carlton the following evening at 8 o'clock, and they would consider the next step. He frankly told them he did not know what that would be; but he had come to believe that God meant His Spirit to be the Executive of the Church, and

they would follow as He led the way. The meeting was then dismissed.

In the papers next morning were found most sympathetic accounts of the simple yet wonderful service held in the Music Hall. The short talk was given in full. The sweet singing of O'Connor and the magnetic playing of Miss Clarke were praised without stint, while all the papers spoke of the congregational singing. One reporter said, "I sang myself. Haven't done the like since I was at Sunday School. I couldn't help it. I had to sing. That lady at the piano would make a lamp post sing. And play! I never heard such playing. She's a wonder! There was a young Irish lad there who sang. He didn't look it. But when he sang 'My Mother' I looked around, and every face I could see was wet with tears. No one seemed to know who he was; I have heard greater voices and greater singing, but in all my life I never heard such pathos. There was no pretense about it. He sang as though he had something to sing, and every word seemed to grip the heart. As for the sermon! Well, I got it down every word. But it won't read like it felt. There was something back of it all. I suppose Mr. Harper would call that something

the Spirit of God. There is one thing I can tell you about it: As I was coming home I heard one man saying 'I never had such a close-up view of Jesus Christ. He seemed literally to be walking among us, so close we could hear the rustle of His Kingly Garments.' That just explained my feeling, too. I heard many speak of it as I hurried along. One remarkable thing I missed: not a soul did I hear say anything about Mr. Harper—all were talking of Jesus Christ; as though they had just met Him, and had heard the wonderful words which He had spoken to *them* and not to some one else. There seems nothing at all great about the words, except the greatness of simplicity.

"Mr. Harper announced another service next Sunday in the Music Hall, and one thing is certain—that same crowd will be there, and will be there early, too. They will take no chances on not getting a seat. A business meeting was announced for the Carlton House tonight. Mr. Harper is moving into a little house on Fulton Street and said it was too small in which to hold a meeting. He said he had no idea what would take place. If it's a tabernacle, it will need to be bigger than anything ever built in this city before; and I fancy the people there on

Sunday would sell the coats off their backs to build it. They seemed to be just in that kind of humour."

All day Monday the people called on Mr. and Mrs. Harper. They were moving that day into their new home. As the furniture they had belonged to St. Paul's, they only had their personal effects to pack, and many were the willing hands to help. In fact, beyond putting together a few of their most personal effects they were not allowed to do anything; so they were largely free to receive their callers and help them. Abbee Clarke and Hattie Glover were there to help Mrs. Harper and did as much to encourage the girls among the new converts as Mr. Harper did the men. Mr. Benson had set his girls cleaning up the new home and receiving and placing things as they arrived, so when night came they were quite cozy. The furniture lacking had all been supplied, some bringing chairs, others tables, some bedding and among all the favors heaped upon them, none touched Harper so much as two beautiful rugs sent them by Mr. Henderson. He had been among those at the penitent bench and a new day had dawned for the employees of

Henderson's Department Store—and for Mr. Henderson.

The bishop was very much surprised at this turn in affairs. He had supposed Mr. Harper would, of course, leave the diocese after sustaining the disgrace of his dismissal. They all do—all the members of the Boanarges Society. After they have forbidden a man casting out devils "because he walks not with US," they seem to think he has suffered a total eclipse, because *they* have pronounced against him. And nothing so annoys them as to have such an one *remain* after *they* have told him to *go*. That God wanted Mr. Harper to stay, and had put the seal of His approval upon him, was of no consequence to the bishop. He had failed to "*conform*," and should go away and hide himself the rest of his days among the lumbermen in the woods or the stonebreakers on the roadside. That would have little bothered Harper's great but simple soul. For he now read in his new-found Bible: "Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid Thine hand upon me." "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up in Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, Thou art there

—for Thou hast taken possession of my affections.”

On Monday evening when Mr. Harper went to the Carlton House he found the hotel lobby packed. Securing a large parlour and suite of rooms and throwing them into one, he called the meeting together and offered prayer, placing all their affairs into God's hands and asking that the Holy Spirit might administer each and every affair of the Church He had added unto the Lord. Calling upon Mr. McLean to keep a record of what took place he asked what they wished to do. To speak freely, as the Lord had put it into their hearts and, of course, they would say nothing that they believed would not meet with His approval.

The meeting did not last long. There was no discussion. Someone suggested they should be known simply as the Church of Christ. To this all agreed. Another suggested that Mr. McLean should become Mr. Harper's assistant and Miss Abbee Clarke, pianist and music conductor. To this all agreed. Another said they would need a church home, and proposed that they build a tabernacle to seat 6,000 people. This too was accepted by everyone without a dissenting voice. Another proposed that they

secure the property formerly proposed for a settlement site and try and buy from Elder Carr the ground. This suggestion was accepted and Mr. Henderson was asked to undertake the negotiations. Mr. Henderson rose and said, “We will need money for this. Please put me down for \$100,000.” This was done by others, who one by one went to Mr. McLean's desk and subscribed their names and amounts, many paying cash, then and there. In about one half hour Mr. Henderson's gift had been more than covered—the people offering willingly. Mr. Henderson was made Treasurer. Nothing else being suggested they sang the doxology and were dismissed with the benediction.

Howard Benson and Harper walked home together. As they went Mr. Benson said: “I have been at a good many church meetings in my time; but never before one like that. I have never known so much business to be transacted in so short a time, and certainly never before saw such unanimity.”

Mr. Harper said he thought the secret of it was the Holy Spirit Himself. When He had the wills of men, He gave them the right thoughts to speak for Him, and gave the same thoughts to all the others in Christ who sub-

mitted to His will. Thus far, they had had no opposition from the enemy of souls, as he seemed to have failed in getting standing ground. Please God he might always fail. But you know, of the Master's chosen twelve, one was a devil. It took Satan three and a half years to get control of Judas, but he did at last. It is one of the hard things to understand. I mean the fact that when Christ conquered His enemy on Calvary and again when He burst the bands of death, that He should have left the enemy in possession of the battle field. It is all in God's counsel and will be put right when God's clock strikes the hour. Meanwhile, it seems it has pleased Him to bring us to Glory over the path of suffering on which He perfected the Captain of our Salvation. May He always grant us a bountiful supply of His grace of courage, that we may never fail to place our feet in those bleeding foot-prints, just ahead of us. "Amen!" said Mr. Benson.

CHAPTER FIVE.

That was a busy week for John Harper. The many so recently "born of God," sought him out in love and sympathy, and for help in the new life. He was their comrade more than their teacher, being himself only a babe in Christ.

Thus it came to pass they received the best pastoral help ever given to men—they were turned over to God and "the Word of His grace which is able to build them up." Mr. Henderson was not at all successful with Elder Carr. He could get no satisfactory answer in regard to the lot for the tabernacle site, and at the close of the week was obliged to so report to Mr. Harper. It was a new experience to Henderson to have Harper suggest that they pray about it. When he left, he realized he had been comforted, and that something definite would come to pass in answer to the strightforward, manly appeal for guidance, submissively turning the difficulty over to God in the simplicity and trustfulness of the little child.

Mike and Miss Clarke spent several evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Harper; and when they left their souls had been cleansed by the word, their spirits filled with the fruit of the Spirit, the eyes of their understanding had been further enlightened, and their hearts filled with adoration and praise to Him they had met as the real Master of the little house on Fulton Street.

Since the great change, Elder Carr had not met either his daughter or son-in-law. The poor man was to be pitied. He was bewildered. All his gold had turned to ashes. His son dead, his daughter lost to him, Harper, whom he really liked, gone out of his life, his name execrated, and one by one his old companions having left him, he was a disappointed, sad and lone man—an Ishmaelite, with his hand against everybody, and everybody's hand against him. Not because he was right and they all wrong; he was beginning to be troubled, fearing it was he who was all wrong. He had read the newspaper accounts of Harper's services, with a dull, aching sort of interest, and was angry because he could not understand them. Not at the matter—at himself. He was balked; and Elder Carr was not used to being balked. His money had usually talked for him and his

seared conscience and hardened heart had given him no qualms when he had had his way. He who had ruthlessly cornered so many deals which added to his millions, was now cornered himself, with no way out but a needle's eye, through which he could not carry his gold.

Mr. Henderson was quite unable to understand him, but had he known it, Elder Carr was much more at a loss to understand Henderson. Neither said much. Both men felt a lot. To Henderson's offer to purchase the lot, Mr. Carr quietly declined. Not angrily; just quietly and firmly declined to sell.

All through the weeks, Mrs. Harper looked as though the tears were never far from her eyes, and Harper was very quiet. When Sunday came and they walked to the Music Hall, at the entrance they saw Mr. Carr's car. Neither mentioned it. When they entered there sat Mr. Carr, like a spent man. Harper's manner affected the people. The hymns were quiet, the prayers were burdened, the reading subdued. Mr. Harper announced his subject as Jesus way with men—with the betrayer. When he opened his Bible and read:

“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and

gold," Pro. 22:1, a hush was on the audience. "It had been well for Judas had he never been born," were his first words. "His name is the synonym of all that is mean, ugly and ignoble—a traitor. I will not say he deserves this name or does not deserve it. I would rather see myself through him. For how does he differ from me? Wherein did he differ from the other disciples? Save in one thing I can see no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God's requirement. Were it otherwise you and I would need no Saviour. No proxy righteousness had been necessary to balance my account with God. Hence Jesus came. He went about continually doing good—active righteousness. Through the eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God—passive righteousness. And the gracious word to you and me is this: 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly (you, me, Judas) his faith is counted for righteousness.' This squares me with God and this *only*. 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked.' The best deeds you ever did, the best deeds I ever did, never wiped out one sin recorded against any of us; and never worked up an atom of merit with God. For

thus saith the Lord: 'The life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make a propitiation for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh a propitiation for the soul.' Lev. 17:11. It isn't political reform of a doomed city. It isn't better tenement houses. It is not bigger playgrounds for children. (God bless 'em! Let them have them.) It isn't making long prayers as the heathen do; nor Sunday Saintship and week day deviltry. It is not being religious. It is blood—B-L-O-O-D, *blood*,—Pure, Sinless, Good Red Blood, the blood of the Spotless Innocent One on Calvary, for the spotted, guilty, you, me, Judas. 'Though I wash myself with snow water and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall cause me to be abhorred.' 'Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' No one. 'Can an Ethiopian change his skin or a leopard his spots?' Never. You can whitewash a negro until he is as white as Tom Sawyer's fence, and underneath he will be as black as your hat. But plunge him in 'The Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,' and he will come forth in God's sight clean and white, washed in the blood of the

Lamb. Dogmatic? Sure! Why should I not be when God speaks? I have nothing to go by except what is written; neither have you; neither had Judas aught but the Scriptures and the living, Spirit-word of Jesus.

As to Judas, let us follow his history:

All we know of him, makes him out a very ordinary, everyday sinner. Let us be fair with Judas. He must have loved Jesus. He was doubtless one of the fishermen who left all to follow Him. He was trusted of his brethren. He was trusted of Jesus. He carried the money bag. There were times when there was nothing in it. The Master and His disciples were so hungry and poor on one occasion they ate wheat as they passed through a field, to stay their appetites. This was provided for in the law. On another occasion the Creator of all things had not enough money to pay His poll tax, and He performed a miracle to do so, unjust though the tax was. He was free born. On another occasion when 'every man went to his own house, Jesus went to the mount of Olives.' He had no house to which He might go. Again, they, like the multitude were without food. And they clearly had not 200 pence among them. There was a little boy there who peddled; and

his whole stock was only five barley loaves and two small fishes. I expect he was playing hookey—couldn't resist the temptation to follow the crowd. That was a good business stroke for him. I doubt not he received the twelve baskets of fragments that remained after the multitude had eaten, as interest on his investment. Not mean scraps either—bread and fish the Master had made and blessed. As good as the good wine He made in Cana.

Considering all these things Judas did not have much money to pilfer from the bag, but the result was fearful. The *love* of it was his downfall. The quantity he stole had nothing to do with it.

This thieving was doubtless done in secret, though John knew about it. He said he was a thief. A few pennies pilfered, and unconfessed; that was the beginning of his awful end. It grew upon him. Towards the end, just a week before the crucifixion, he scolded Mary for her lavish love of Jesus. He talked piously about the poor. Not that he cared. He wanted to get his fingers on that \$50. Did you never covet money? I bear testimony that I have. It came nearer swamping me and destroying my life than anything I have known in

the way of temptation. Poor Judas had become a hypocritical socialist. He objected to Mary doing as she liked with her own. He called it a waste to spend it all on Jesus. Have you never been there? I have. God forgive me! This won him a rebuke from Jesus. Had he kept his tongue off Mary, he might have scolded Jesus as much as he would and it had gone unchallenged. Praise God for a manly Saviour! For a Friend who always rings true! He aye defends His own! Hallelujah!

This angers Judas. In Asia they would call it 'losing his face.' That was fatal in his case. Have you ever been angry? Look out friend! It's a fearsome sin, anger. Are you any better than Judas? I'm not. Poor chap! he went straight to the priests and sold Jesus, because he was angry. It has been said of this keen Jewish financier, that he made a poor bargain that day. He was too angry to make a good one. Only thirty pieces of silver! He could have got three thousand just as well. But so it was written. God knew all about it, and the pen of inspiration recorded the fact centuries in advance. He knew Judas would lose his head in anger and make a poor bargain.

Then came the Supper. Again he is face to face with Jesus. He was not denied the pascal feast, nor yet the supper. Supper being ended, Jesus girded Himself with a towel and washed their feet. Yes! Judas' too. I fancy as He bent over the feet of poor Judas He shed tears upon them. Still Judas lacks the courage to confess and seek pardon.

After this they evidently sat down again. I know nothing in all the Scriptures so pathetic as this scene. I think Judas loved Jesus. But, oh, wonder of wonders! Jesus loved Judas. He loves *me*. In all His wondrous ministry, I can think of no occasion where Jesus tried so hard to save, as He tried this night to save Judas. Remember Judas had already sold Him. Tenderly Jesus says before them all that one of them should betray Him. When all in great distress asked Him who it was, last of all Judas asked Him; and you can almost hear the tears in His voice as Jesus told him it was he. Still Judas lacked the necessary courage to get right with Jesus.

There was one thing left He might do to break Judas' heart. According to custom, when the master of a feast would show a guest special honour, he gave what was called 'a love

sop,' by dipping a morsel in his wine and handing it to the favoured one. John whom He loved leaned on His bosom; Peter who had made the great confession sat there too; but Oh! the matchless love of Jesus for the poor sinner! He gave the love sop to Judas!

Why, oh why, Judas! did you hesitate at that moment and give Satan the opportunity to enter you? 'After he had received the sop, immediately Satan took possession of him.' The prince of demons could not trust an underling with that job. He did it himself.

There is a tradition which says when he was passing out of the door Judas turned and looked at Jesus, and that Jesus beckoned to him to come back. I do not know whether that is true or not. *I do know it is just like Him.*

Oh Master! wilt Thou not now let him go? Not He. He accepts the betrayal kiss in the garden; and I fancy all the wealth of His love goes into that kiss. And again He appeals to Judas: 'Betrayest thou me with a kiss?' I used to think this was a rebuke. I can hear His voice break on the word 'kiss,' now.

The sin-path is a broad, slippery road, running down hill. Judas stepped on it cautiously at first; then he walked rapidly. He is running

now, and is about to commit the worst sin of all. Poor chap! That kiss must have nearly, but not quite, broken his heart. And the next day, away off on Golgotha, he saw the result of his sin. He is full of remorse and throws the miserable money back at the priests. But remorse is not repentance—it stops just short of repentance. Repentance goes back. Judas went and hanged himself—the worst thing he has yet done. For it had not been too late had he pushed his way through that mocking throng to the bleeding feet of his Master and said, Lord! I am sorry. Forgive me. He would have been forgiven. His greatest sin was in failing to trust that great breaking heart of the Son of God, breaking for him yonder, on Calvary.

You and I have committed many sins. Let this one never be among them. Poor chap! Had he only waited like Peter, and seen that look.

Zacchaeus had been the same kind of a sinner. The lust of gold had made him a hard man, forgetting the poor and defrauding those with whom he dealt. It was a great day for the rich Zacchaeus, when out of curiosity he climbed into a sycamore tree to get a look at

Jesus. It proved enough. Jesus spoke to him; and somewhere between the branch of the tree and the ground, Zaecheaus was so thoroughly converted that he addresses Jesus as 'Lord.' And 'no man calleth Jesus, Lord, except by the Holy Ghost.' Then he proved his conversion. This hard man, this defrauder said: 'The half of my goods I give to the poor and if I have defrauded any man, I will restore to him four-fold.' And were you to meet Zaecheaus and ask him how it all happened, he would tell you he did not know. That something happened to him when he got a look at Jesus; and when he heard His voice calling him by name, bidding him come down, as He was going to dine with him that day, there was nothing he would not have done for Him. Gracious phenomenon! There are things we will not do for any friend, nor for our mothers; not even for our sweet-hearts will we do some things; but when Jesus speaks we just have to do as He says."

Then Mr. Harper closed the Bible, stepped to the side and said, "If I were an eloquent man, I would like to picture to you all that poor Judas thought and did. I would like to go with you to dine that day at Zacchaens' house, with Jesus. But after all, these things matter

little. Somehow I realize Jesus is here now in His better part—His Spirit. For after all, it is not so important that we see the loved Form, as that we come to know the Spirit of the Man. And he is here—the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Somehow I feel He has been showing us Jesus, walking in and out among us, and that in consequence, we all see what sinners we are. You and I feel mean today. We do not feel like patronizing Judas. We have not been seeing our neighbors. The Spirit of God has been lifting upon us the Light of God's countenance, in the face of Jesus Christ, and we, like Zaecheaus, are saved. Something has happened to us. We have seen Jesus, and with the look a new glow has come into our hearts. We have heard His voice, speaking to just ourselves. He has spoken to us in our high pride and calling us by name, said, 'Come down.' We have not thought of refusing. He has said to each of us, 'I must dine with you today,' and our whole being has responded in gladness. He has not told us to put our wrongdoing right. He has done more; He has put His Spirit within us and it is the first thing we want to do. He has just captivated us; and because He first loved us, we love Him and long to do every-

thing we believe will please Him. We have no such feeling for anyone else. He has come along and it isn't that we cannot refuse Him; we have no desire to do so. It is all the other way. We want to do what He wishes. It is our joy, our life, our love to do so. It is not that we have nothing too precious for Him. We feel so poor and beggarly before Him; our best and our all seem so inadequate, so unworthy, so little to lay at His feet. And yet with all our poverty we feel so rich. Having Him, we feel we have all. We cannot explain it. We just know it is infinitely true. Would you like to come forward—you of whom this is true and have hitherto not confessed Him? Then come."

CHAPTER SIX.

As Mr. and Mrs. Harper went out the side entrance, there stood Elder Carr. He came eagerly forward and grasped a hand each of daughter and son and looked in their faces. No one spoke. He slipped a hand in the arm of each and started with them towards their little home. He went in as though he had always been doing so. After removing his hat, he saw his daughter's desk and said: "May I sit here daughter, a bit?" "Yes, father, help yourself," said she.

After figuring a little he took out his cheque book, which he always carried, and wrote a cheque. Putting both in his pocket he stepped to the door, saying, "I will be back directly." They understood. A few doors away he turned into another house. There, too, he was received as though expected. Mr. Benson met him with his old smile; but at last Elder Carr broke down. "Howard!" he said. "I've been a brute. Can you forgive me?" "O yes," said the old gentleman. "That is easy now. I, too, Elder, am a great sinner, whom God has forgiven much." Mr. Carr put the cheque in his

hand, with one of those little squeezes, so eloquent among men. It was for a large amount—fourfold, with interest for many years. No more was said on the subject. They understood each other.

After a few moments Mr. Carr said: "I am going to sup with my daughter and John. I must not keep them waiting." How did he know? He had not been asked. But, when he went back, there was a knife and fork laid for him. How did the daughter know? Love always understands. They sat down at table as though it had ever been so. Little was said. Everybody was a little too full for speech, the meal was very quiet, yet very restful and happy. They had gone home to dine with Jesus.

That evening Hattie Glover came over with a rush; and when they saw her pale face, the three followed her beckoning hand without a word. When they entered his bedroom, there lay Howard Benson with a cold sweat on his brow and a great light on his face. "Good-bye, my son! Good-bye, daughter! Good-bye, old friend! Good-bye, Hattie! Look after the girls, Hattie! Good-bye, Sam! John, you'll keep an eye on my boys and look after Sam? and you too, dear! And Elder! Hattie will tell you of

some of my other friends. Please be good to them." Then looking at Mr. Harper he smiled and said: "He has called me, too, John! But He will not dine with me today. He has asked me to come Home and dine with Him, and I'm going; O, so proudly going!" He closed his eyes, and was gone.

Next day the front page of the city papers contained pictures of Howard Benson and Elder Carr, shaking hands. Underneath was the one word, "Reconciled."

All papers were in mourning. All had long sketches of "Our First Citizen, Howard Benson."

The young reporter who had reported the previous Sunday's service in the Music Hall so fully—George Hudson, again had Mr. Harper's sermon in full and described the scene.

"When Mr. Harper said, 'Then come,' they sure did 'come.' And it was a mighty quiet coming. But for an occasional sob, there was absolute quietness. I do not know how many. There were too many to count. Nor can I describe the scene nor the sermon. The overwhelming sense of shame for sin when the Holy Spirit convicts is not among the things describable. There would be a fortune in it for a

poor reporter if he could get that scene down as it was. Oh, I got the words down alright. But they don't read like it was. Jesus was there. We all met Him. We saw, too, poor Judas. And say! I've changed my mind about him. He was too much like myself to longer hold any very hard feelings against him. And when he went out the door and Jesus beckoned to him, well! I don't know—I never thought Jesus was like that. He seemed to be beckoning me. I, too, was up the sycamore tree with Zacchaeus, and—well, I came down, too, when Jesus called. I dined with Him, too,—the first time in my life. And today—well! one don't like to talk about some things, but I think I know just what took place in some folk's hearts yesterday—my own little bank account is a little smaller today.

Like last Sunday I hurried along home and listened to folks talking along the way. One chap said: 'Elder Carr was there. I saw him. But, do you know I was not thinking of him when Mr. Harper was preaching; nor was I thinking of Mr. Harper. I hadn't time to think of anybody but Jesus. And I felt so mean myself, I was not thinking of other folks.' When I had got that down, I heard another man be-

hind me talking. He said: 'I never saw before that the meanest thing about Judas was that he failed to trust the heart of Jesus. That was me, too! I shall never think any worse of Judas again, than I do of myself. And do you know, I don't feel a bit good now. I feel such an awful sinner; but my heart is so full of the love that forgave me all that debt, that I know not whether to shout or sing, weep or laugh. I would do all four together if I could. And yet it is not the feeling that assures me. 'Tis the words Jesus spoke. When He said 'Come down!' I said 'Sure!' and down I was. And when He said, 'I must dine at thy house today,' I said, 'Thank you.' And when Zacchaeus said he would give half his goods to the poor and restore fourfold to anyone he had cheated, I said, 'Me too, Lord!' And now I am going home with Him to have the meal of my life." That is all I got down; but I think it is enough. Those two testimonies describe my own case, exactly. I think I know now what those words mean: 'And lifting up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only.' "

On Wednesday they buried Howard Benson. The flag at the City Hall was at half-mast. The Mayor, the Governor, several congressmen,

a senator, the city fathers, all were there. The Music Hall was engaged and there, all that remained on earth of Howard Benson was placed so the people could pass without destroying the mounds of flowers heaped around the casket. For hours the people filed past. There was no hurry. One poor old woman from Fulton St. stood and looked at the peaceful face and said: "The same dear Mr. Benson!" She seemed to speak for the city. For the poor he had helped, the boys he had loved, the girls he had befriended and the friends he had comforted.

Never before was there such a funeral in the Middle West. All shops were closed and the streets were thronged. When the young men lifted the casket, Arthur Pringle rose and putting out his hand, said: "Tread lightly, young men. You are bearing a temple of the Holy Ghost."

Some of the members of St. Paul's were there. Little Loudon Roxbury, walking along with one of Mr. Harper's people said: "Poor Mr. Benson! I'm afraid we will never see him in Heaven." "That is so," replied Ira Warren. "He will be so near the throne of the

Eternal, I'm afraid you and I will never get a glimpse of him."

When from the cemetery they returned and Mr. Benson's lawyer read the will, it was found Mr. and Mrs. Harper were his sole heirs, to whom he commended his poor, and the boys and girls he had loved and helped. With Elder Carr's cheque they had a goodly fortune, and Harper's first act was to return to St. Paul's the salary he had received, with an added amount for the house rent.

He also returned his ten years' salary to his former church. The same evening Elder Carr handed Harper a deed for the lot he had refused to sell Mr. Henderson.

They had now the site and all the money needed for to build the tabernacle. An architect was employed and given instructions to build a plain, unpretentious brick building to seat 6,000 in comfort, the building to have good acoustics. "And," said Harper, "if there are any bricks left over, we will not put them in a tower; but across on the other side of the park, where the poor need a Mission Hall."

He then took Hattie Glover into his confidence, and told her that after refunding his salary to St. Paul's and to his former congre-

gation he had more than enough for their need, and proposed putting \$30,000 in a trust account to enable her to keep on the work Mr. Benson had been doing, as though he were still living. The interest would be equal to what Mr. Benson had probably been spending, and he would pay it to her quarterly. Any extras she might need, she would of course follow Mr. Benson's request and give Mr. Carr an opportunity to help. "But what about using his money?" said the conscientious Hattie. "I fancy Mr. Carr has squared all the matters the Holy Spirit has brought to his remembrance, four-fold, and given half his possessions to the poor," said Harper. "You and I, Miss Glover, have so many things to correct, ourselves, besides 'all that debt' which our Lord squared for us on Calvary, which we could never have done, that we will be kept busy enough without assuming Mr. Carr's obligations. Besides, like ourselves, he has now an indwelling Teacher and Guide to look after him. And judging from what He has succeeded in getting Mr. Carr to do already, I think we can trust His faithfulness and ability and Mr. Carr's willingness to be conformed to the image of Christ and obey his Tutor in all things. You and I, Hattie,

will have to look out, or we will find this newborn babe in Christ passing us in the race set before us, and winning the crown. However, let us not worry about that. God grant we may all finish our course with joy and be found complete in Christ. I believe we will. You know who found us when lost and lifted us upon His shoulders rejoicing, and started back for the fold? He will not fail us. We would fail of course! But with Him it is different. *He* never fails."

"Thank you," was all Hattie could say in reply.

"Then you will continue on as heretofore, taking charge of the house and the girls and Sam?"

"Yes," replied Miss Glover.

To Sam he said: "You know your mistress' wishes. You will continue on in the old place, caring for Miss Hattie?"

"Yes, Massi Harper! I cares for Missi Hattie."

"Alright, Sam! we will consider that settled."

That night as Mr. and Mrs. Harper read their evening portion: "All has come to pass; no good thing hath the Lord withheld of all

His promises." Harper stopped and said: "I think that is enough for tonight! He is a good Lord! Paul was right when he spoke of His doing exceedingly abundantly above all our asking or thinking. We can put that in the past tense, and say, He has done so for us. And if the beginning of our new life is so exceedingly abundant, what, O what, shall the end be! 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard—the things He hath prepared for them that love Him!' And we are so utterly unworthy of the least consideration! Truly, 'He is past finding out.' "

It was a chastened man and woman who knelt in praise that night, to Him who loved them, and redeemed them; cleansing them from their sins in His own blood, bathing them in His word, and lavishing all the wealth of His love upon them.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Three years have passed away since Howard Benson "crossed the bar" and Elder Carr became by birth a member of Christ.

Much has happened since we left Mr. and Mrs. Harper on their knees in tearful praise for all God's goodness to them.

The tabernacle is finished and there were enough bricks left to build a Mission Hall on the other side of the park.

On the last Sunday in the Music Hall, Harper simply announced, that now the building God had given them was finished they would worship the following Lord's Day in it, at the usual hour—God willing.

There was no banquet, and no special service, nor popular preacher asked to "open the church." The usual motive was lacking in this instance—the need of a collection to pay the debt. There was none to pay.

Abbe Clarke had gathered around her a number of twice-born singers, and had trained them to sing praises unto God, and they *did* sing. There were no operas, or anthems. The music was good; but consisted of hymns of ador-

ation and praise, and Gospel songs, in which the congregation heartily joined.

For months the people had been meeting early in the day, before business. Harper had been given another vision, of a vast host of shepherdless sheep, to whom the Good Shepherd pointed with His scarred hand.

When four months previous he had told the people about it, he laid before them the gospel fact that, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." He showed them how the Holy Spirit was the Servant of Luke, 14:16-24, to whom the Lord had given His commission to secure guests for the table He hath spread. That having gone first to the Jews and they had made excuse, He had sent His Servant into Macedonia in Europe, whither the Servant had called Paul to come over and help Him, forbidding him to go into Asia. From thence the good news spread to America; but when the Servant reported that He had done as the Lord commanded, and yet there was room, He had sent Him far hence into the by-ways and compounds to compel them to come because His house must be full; that again the Servant had gone and for over 200 years had been seeking guests far hence among the Gentiles.

Then Harper showed them how helpless the Holy Spirit was to give the Gospel to every creature without co-witnesses unless He broke the law of Christ and performed miracles. For when the Lord announced to His disciples that the Spirit of Truth would testify to Him, He had added "and ye also shall testify." This before the crucifixion. After He was risen again He also commissioned His disciples, *predicted* what they would do and commanded them to "go," and give the gospel to "every creature," "to the uttermost part of the earth," but to wait for their co-witness unto Him, even the Spirit of the Father and the Son, whom He would send unto them from the Father. They waited and He came, as the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, fulfilling another clause in the Law of Christ, that men would be born of God, by the Word, by His Spirit and the co-witnesses to Christ.

He showed how it was impossible for the Holy Spirit to graft members into Christ without in the first instance performing a miracle if He had no co-witnesses; nor could He have such until they were born again. So He Himself caused them to testify to one another in the fiery tongues which rested upon them. And

out of the Word of God which proceeded out of their mouths, speaking to one another in the upper room, they became members of the New Man by birth. Fifty days after the Passover, and seven days after the Ascension, the 120 became the second fruits unto God of the resurrection, at this Feast of Fruits. Thus were the Holy Spirit's first co-witnesses made, as by birth they became a part of the Christ. There tongues were repeated when God opened the door to the Gentiles at Caesarea, when Cornelius became the first Gentile convert with Peter's testimony, again at Ephesus with Paul's testimony, and never again repeated. He showed how easy it would be for the Holy Spirit to finish His commission if He could get twice-born men to go when called, as Peter and Paul went. But of late years, many seemed to go who were not called, and many seemed to hinder rather than help the converts as Paul did, "to be enlarged by them to preach the gospel in the regions beyond them." Thus had it come to pass that an enormous amount of money was spent in missions, thousands of white missionaries sent, and little accomplished, because the native twice-born men were not given a chance to repeat primitive Church his-

tory, by going everywhere preaching the Gospel and, like Paul and Timothy, "made unto God a sweet saviour of Christ in every place," whether they would hear and live or refuse and perish. "For mark you," said he, "neither the Holy Spirit nor the disciples were commissioned to save every creature, or educate every creature, but to *witness* to every creature. And that not the Kingdom Gospel, either; but the *Gospel of Grace*—the one by which you and I entered in by the Door into the sheepfold, when we listened to the Good Shepherd's gentle voice calling, 'Come.' And oh, beloved! He has not forgotten those 'other sheep,' if we have."

"De Massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat gard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in the gloomerin' meadow,
Whe' de long nite rain begin.

So He ca' to de hie a lin shepped:
'Is my sheep, is dey all brung in?'
So He ca' to de hie a lin shepped:
'Is my sheep, is dey all brung in?'

Oh den says de hie a lin shepped,
'De's some daas black and din,

And some daas poo' ol' weddas
 Dat kant come home agin.
 But de res' daas all brung in,
 De res' daas all brung in.'

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol',
 Dat gard de sheepfol bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadow,
 Whe' de long nite rain begin.

So He lay down he baas ob de sheepfol'.
 Cawlin soff: 'Come in! Come in!'
 So He lay down de baas ob de sheepfol',
 Cawlin soff: 'Come in! Come in!'

Den up tru' de gloomerin' meadow,
 Whe' de long nite rain begin,
 Den up tru, de dizzlin rain paw,
 Whe' de sleet faw piein din.

De poo loss sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all eomes gaderin in;
 De poo loss sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all eomes gaderin in."

A Scotch shepherd on the hills was folding his sheep. Trusting his faithful eollie to drive

them he stood by the bars of the sheepfold, counting his sheep as they entered by threes, fours and fives. Two were missing. Again he counted them. Still two were missing. The night was wet and cold. The faithful eollie had gone to her puppies. She was wet and cold and very tired with the heavy days work in the storm.

The shepherd pointed to the hills, saying: "Twa missing! Go!"

She looked at him, and looked at her puppies. Still the finger was pointed to the hills and the faithful shepherd said, "Go!"

She rose and went out into the night. Two, three hours passed, when she brought baek one sheep.

Again he counted the floek and one was missing. He went to the kennel where the faithful collie had dragged herself, saying, "One missing! Go!"

Her beseeching eyes looked at him; but he pointed to the hills, saying, "Go!" Again she looked at her puppies, and again at him, and went out into the night.

Near the dawn of day she came baek very slowly with the lost sheep; and erawling into her kennel lay down with her puppies.

At the dawn of day no answer came to the shepherd's "whistle." Going to the kennel he found his faithful collie cold and stiff. She had given her life for the sheep.

Amid a profound quietness, Harper asked the simple question: "Can we do less?"

When he had finished Abbee Clarke played a bar of a beautiful complement and sang; sang as the birds sing:

"What shall I answer Jesus, when I stand before His throne?

How shall I frame a sure excuse, for the task I have left undone?

He told me, He told me,
Oh! so earnestly told me
To feed His lambs,
Feed His lambs.

I cannot say I heard not when they cried for hunger sore,

Neither pretend that I knew them not, since they cried at my very door.

I heard them, I heard them!
Yes, but quickly passed by,
And let them cry,
Let them cry.

To anyone but the Shepherd I might plead that I was poor;

How many times has He offered me the whole
of His bundless store!

I need not, I need not
Have gone with empty hands
To feed His lambs,
Feed His lambs.

I cannot say that pleasure made me her unwilling slave;

Nor that I strove to loose her chain all the way to the brink of the grave.

I've sought her! I've sought her!
Yes, and willingly served her
All my life,
All my life.

I dare not say I loved Him more than all the world beside;

Nor remind Him how oft He came as a Friend with a friend to abide.

He knows me! He knows me!
Knows I would if I loved Him,
Feed His lambs,
Feed His lambs.

Call me now to answer, if I have obeyed Thy Will.

Grant that I yet may feed Thy lambs, Thy last,
 loving request fulfil,
 Forgive me! Forgive me!
 O, Good Shepherd, and help me,
 To feed Thy lambs,
 Feed Thy lambs."

There had been many wonderful meetings in the old Music Hall, but none so pent up with feeling as this Mission meeting. Many had come from far and near to this man to be fed, and over 2,000 had confessed Christ since the day poor Harper failed to preach his sermon.

An awful silence followed Miss Clarke's message in song. Then George Hudson, sitting among the reporters, rose, and said: "I will obey. I will go."

This was the signal for Christians of all ages and both sexes to come forward and kneel.

Harper did not know what to do. While they were kneeling he decided to pronounce the benediction. He expected the balance of the audience to go, but they all sat down. Arthur Pringle was with him that day, and to him he turned and asked what it meant.

"It means," said he, "the Holy Ghost."

"What do you wish to do?" Harper asked the people.

"Send them," said a voice.

"This is all as new to me as to you," said Harper, "and I can do nothing without more light. I propose that we pray about this, until we know God's will fully, less we err." To the kneeling people he said: "How would you like to meet me every evening for a while and study the Bible?" All hands went up.

"Well, let us do that," he decided. Then addressing the audience, he said: "How would you like to meet every morning at six o'clock for study? I think we do not want to follow other people's methods unless our Executive, the Holy Spirit, so leads. I am sure this is true in the matter of collections for missions. Would you like to meet here and study the Holy Spirit's methods until our church is finished? We could then take up our mission collection, and by that time we would surely know just what the Holy Spirit would have us do. Would you like that?"

A sea of hands went up.

"Very good then, let us meet here tomorrow morning."

This was the beginning of their interest in Missions.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

At the opening of The Tabernacle four months after the events recorded in the former chapter, the six thousand sittings were occupied, the aisles and other spaces including the platform filled and a great crowd was turned from the doors.

Mr. Harper announced simply: "We will now take up our collection for missions."

No singing or speaking interrupted this worship of offering and sacrifice. The audience was very quiet.

When the collection was finished a slip was handed to Mr. Harper who rose and announced that the collection amounted to \$22,000. Not a person had been solicited. The four months' study of the Person of the Holy Spirit and the Law of Christ which governed His actions and was the privilege and duty of those in Christ to follow was alone the method which produced this quick result. One lady who had before been considered close, put ten yellow \$100 bills on the plate.

Mr. Harper next reviewed the blessings they had received since becoming a church, and an-

nounced his subject for the day: "The Holy Spirit of God."

"I have chosen to speak of Him today," he commenced, "because I am convinced He has brought all this to pass. It was He who brought the words of our Lord to our remembrance, and out of that divine material created us members of Christ. It is He who has taught us and guided us since. While He has graciously used us as His Co-witnesses to Christ, to articulate the Word of the Lord, of which He is the Author, and has also been our co-partner to bring this gracious work to pass, He Himself has also been our Leader, our Inspirer and our Executive. It is written: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." We have all realized this. From the first day until now we have had absolute liberty, perfect unanimity and His quietness and confidence has been our strength. It is fitting that we commence our worship in this tabernacle, giving all honour and praise to the Spirit of God, who has reared it for us, and who rests upon us this day, as the Shekinah Cloud. But let me hasten to say, this is only so because under His instruction and endowment, we have reared up in this city, that other Tabernacle which is Christ; and ye all have

been drawn to Him, even as He said: 'And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me.'

When Moses had finished the Tabernacle in the wilderness, he reared it up, and the Spirit of God rested upon it, as the Shekinah cloud. When John the Baptist testified to the Son of God, the Spirit of God descended upon Him as a Dove. God can never withhold His Spirit from resting upon His son, wherever and whenever He is lifted up, and lo, a Voice, evermore saying to all who behold Him, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' You have all heard that Voice—each and every soul of you that is in Christ. For again it is written: 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.'

Neither you nor any other child of God are His except you have been sealed with His Spirit. Your first baby lisp of the language of the skies was when you looked upon Jesus and called Him your Lord; for 'no man calleth Jesus Lord, except by the Holy Ghost.' Your second baby lisp was when by the Spirit of Sonship, you called God Abba—Father. 'Abba' is the Syriac for papa. Just baby language. Just the trustfulness of a little child, like the one Jesus set in the midst and

said it was necessary to be like such to enter the Kingdom.

- But this trust was not of yourselves; for it is written: 'For by Grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the Gift of God.' This grace of faith by which ye are saved is the First-fruit of the Spirit. So, from the first to the last, all you and I have today is of this same Spirit whom we are considering. He has been 'given' to you and 'given' to me. We have 'received' Him and He is ours.

This wondrous Person is so gracious, we would only have begun to consider Him after spending a week together. How little we can say of Him at this time! And yet what little we can say of Him according to the Scriptures will be helpful to us all.

Personally, His names have been most instructive to me. I think the most noted characteristic of this adorable Person is His modesty. He never talks about Himself. The Lord Jesus testified much of the Father; but He said more about the Spirit of the Father. 'The Holy Spirit testifies of Christ only, and only the Holy Spirit testifies of Christ,' and that through His co-witnesses—twice-born men. He does not testify of Himself. We get to know Him as

He testifies of Christ. As we eat the Roll; as we gather the Spirit—Life—Word—Manna which 'profiteth' and feed on every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord in our wilderness journey, we grow thereby. Of this Holy material He grows fruit on the branches of the Vine—all His forty-four varieties recorded. And when ripe it is ours to feed the fruit to others, or it will rot, like any manna gathered in the wilderness but not used. 'We have the Mind of Christ,' 1 Cor. 2:16, and He it is who 'enlightens the eyes of our understanding,' 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' For He is our Teacher. 'The anointing which ye have received of God abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is Truth, and is no lie, even as He hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him.' 1 John 2:27. What a wondrous privilege to have such a Resident Tutor—'The Spirit of Wisdom,' 'the Spirit of Truth.' And as He has taught us, we propose to abide in Christ. The Master Himself told us we could do nothing otherwise. Thank God we don't want to do otherwise. For herein is our Father glorified, that by so abiding we bear much fruit.

We have had such blessing in our own hearts, and such fruit unto God has been the result of our abiding, and letting His Spirit work in us and *for* us and *through* us, as none of us dared to think or believe possible. I am sure you are with me in this. All that is within me lauds and blesses the name of our God this day; and I will have none other Teacher and none other Travelling Companion to the City.

He is 'The Spirit of the Father,'
 'The Spirit of the Son,'
 'The Spirit of Jehovah,'
 'The Spirit of God,'
 'The Spirit of Jesus Christ,'

And, thank God, He is mine!

He is 'The Spirit of Love,'
 'The Spirit of Faith,'
 'The Spirit of Truth'—
 Even of this Book.

He is 'The Spirit of Life,'
 'The Spirit of Power,'
 'The Spirit of a Sound Mind'—

And with Him I can never be other than sane.

He is 'The Spirit of Meekness,' and with Him I can never be otherwise toward God. He is 'The Spirit of Love,' whose 'Perfect love cast-

eth out fear,' and I can never be a coward before men. 'For God has not given us the spirit of fear,' (who is the devil) 'but He has given us the Spirit of Love,' Hallelujah! 2 Tim. 1:7. He is 'The Spirit of Prayer,' and in Him alone can I pray in the Holy Ghost; and He is mine to pray in me, according to the Will of the Father, and mine to 'Let this Mind be in me who was in Christ Jesus;' and the measure of *my letting* will always be the measure of *His doing*.

Thank God in Christ the law was fulfilled and put away; and every provision God has bountifully made for us is in that wondrous place, 'in Christ.' It is mine no longer alone *to do*, it is mine *to be*. It is mine not to seek to carry myself in a bushel basket, but to let the Holy Spirit buoy me up and make all my burdens light, and all my small affairs easy—'in Christ.' I have everything to enjoy *in Christ*. I have nothing outside of Him. Mine only to abide.

There are several emblems of the Holy Spirit in the Bible; we will consider only two: As a Dove and as Oil.

'Oil' in the Bible invariably stands for Him. There was the oil for the seven golden candlesticks. These candlesticks stood for the

Church, to be trimmed by the High Priest and never allowed to go out. And from that day to this day any witness of God who *has* suffered the Light of the World, who is Jesus, to go out in the churches, abideth in darkness. The Spirit is not Himself the Light. He is never once so spoken of in the Scriptures. He is the Oil. Jesus is ever the Light.

Then there is the Anointing Oil, and the Oil of Perfume—both so sacred none were permitted to make any like them. You, my brethren in Christ, have received this Holy Anointing. You have been anointed Kings and Priests unto God. Jesus, Thy Melchisedec Great High Priest of Grace, has put His Holy Anointing Oil upon those who are clothed in the garments of His righteousness, and with the blood He has forever set them apart (separated, sanctified, made holy, consecrated) from men unto God. And whether you are in the counting house or the pulpit, behind the plough or in the home, you have been bought with a price and wholly set apart unto God. May you ever restfully, gratefully abide in your sacred separation. For this is the only way the second Oil, that of Perfume, will be yours.

You are the fair virgin, for whom the King has sent throughout all His realm to find—the fair Esther. You have been committed to the Keeper of the Virgins, the Holy Spirit, in whose eyes you have found favour, and who has set apart for you the finest chamber in the Ivory Palaces, and provided all things for your purification. When you come out from thence for presentation to the King, you will be robed in the vesture of Glory and beauty of your Kingly King, and all your garments, like His own, will smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, of the Ivory Palaces. The Spirit of Christ, who dwelleth with you and is in you, is the King's Hegai to make all your life as beautiful and fragrant as that of Jesus. We read that this Servant of our rich Father, who went to seek you, in a far country, for the only Son's Bride, had 'all the goods of the Father in His hand.' Let us stand in with the Servant, and we can never be poor.

The more we consider Him, the more inadequate language becomes to speak of Him.

Another of His emblems is the dove.

The dove is the gentlest of all birds and the most timid. When I was a boy, like many of you I kept pigeons, and when I grew to man-

hood I became acquainted with the modest, dun-coloured turtle dove, whose gentleness and timidity surpasses description. They are more timid than pigeons. Yet pigeons even after getting so tame they will eat out of your hand, if you put out your free hand towards them, they will shrink from it in extreme timidity. This trait is most important to remember. Failure to remember this has given Satan a tremendous advantage. He who would have the Gentle Dove nestle down in Him and brood, must needs be quiet. We may not be noisy or nag Him. We must needs be very quiet and 'Let Him' nestle down in us; and He will fill us with such a wonderful peace—peace, and quietness, and confidence as others know not.

This is the secret of fruit-bearing. Branches do not bear fruit by threshing around, but by abiding. But never let us forget that it is *His Fruit*, not ours. It is the secret of river flowing. They are *His Rivers*, not ours. We are only the banks, and ours to be the channel in which His Rivers flow, while He grows His Fruit on the banks. We can never make the fruit or flow the rivers. We can only 'Let Him.' God keep us from 'trying,' from 'doing.'

Ah! may we ever let Him! Let Him fill every crevice of our beings until flooded with the Sunlight of Heaven—the Lamb who is the Light thereof. Let God strengthen us with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that we may know God's fulness—not ours. Let us walk with Him. Desire His companionship. Look for His comfort. Seek His communion. He will never fail nor forsake us; but will present us stainless, spotless, faultless, all fair, clothed in the Glory and Beauty of our Prince and Saviour, and filled with His Grace and Truth. With unutterable longing He desires to make us like Jesus Christ. He would grow in us not only the nine varieties of His fruit recorded in Galatians 5:22, 23; but the other thirty-five recorded in the Scriptures.

Oh, Beloved! Shall we not 'Let Him?' He will take you and me in all our unloveliness, and all our wounds and bruises, and pour upon us the wine of joy and the oil of healing, clothe us in our Lord's Kingly robes, and make us as fair and beautiful as He.

Let Him this day, beloved! Let Him fill your whole being with melody, with confidence and strength, with love and gladness and rejoicing, with gentleness and goodness—with His own,

lovely Self. 'Then shall our way be prosperous; then shall we have good success.'

Let us pray:

Lord Jesus! We have seen Thee standing that last great day of the feast, and heard Thee crying with a loud Voice: 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scriptures hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' This spakest Thou of the Spirit. And on this first day of our meeting here we come. We believe; and we rest in Thee for the flowing of the Holy Spirit's rivers. We gratefully accept from Thee this building, and may the Water of Life never cease to flow from its threshold. Thou hast given us this tabernacle, we give ourselves unto Thee. Accept our poor, shameful offering, and keep us and keep the building wholly for Thyself. Amen."

Then Mr. Harper spoke to them again, "Do you mean it? If your whole soul gladly answers yes, stand." A great multitude stood. "Do you desire above everything else that this Wondrous Being whom we have been considering should control your spirits, souls, bodies and possessions—from now until He presents you faultless to Christ? If so, put up both

hands." A vast number of hands went up. "Does all that is within you long for this Gracious Person to be your Travelling Companion, to work in and through you to do God's Holy Will? If that be so, raise both hands and say 'Amen.'" No man could possibly count the hands of this more than 6,000 people and the Amen was like the sound of a great wave breaking on the shore. "Praise God for that Amen! Please be seated.

"We have had a wonderful time for four months, praying. We have had a blessed time together studying in the class. We have now \$22,000 to send out representatives of the Cross far hence among the Gentiles and a number offering to go. I would like your assistance in selecting these. I would like the help of Mr. Henderson, Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Simpson. If you are of the same mind, please put up your hands. Are there any objections? Then if these brethren will meet with me, we will seek to know those whom the Holy Ghost would separate and call unto this work.

"The meeting is dismissed."

CHAPTER NINE.

Mr. Henderson was much more successful with his own affairs than with buying the lot from Mr. Carr. Like many an able business man, he had not learned yet that the greatest things proceed from the heart. No amount of business ability could get Elder Carr to ever set a price on the property. When his heart was won, he did not require to be asked to sell, he gave the property.

Mr. Henderson had soon devised a plan for putting his own house in order. Calling his employees together, he told them in a manly fashion, that now he had become a new man in Christ Jesus, he wished his business to be "new" also and wished them to share in the profits. A correct account would be kept of the monthly sales on which they would draw a commission. Those not in the sales departments would draw a proportionate amount to the sellers. "This arrangement," said he, "will date from the day of my new birth." He told them also he proposed overhauling their entire business and reduce motions, so that all would profit by the despatch with which cus-

tomers would be served and the satisfaction they would have from quick service. "I noticed the other day it took Miss Myers just $11\frac{3}{4}$ minutes to assure a customer in a hurry that we were out of a certain brand of stationery. Miss Aeton was asked to help her and left three customers to do so, wasting seven minutes. This was not their fault. I have learned it should have taken just $1\frac{5}{8}$ minutes of Miss Myers' time. Meantime, seven customers during that rush hour on Saturday had their money in their hands to leave with us, and went out with it. I propose also to keep the stock up of all the staple goods we handle, so we don't have to tell anybody we are out of a brand for which they have asked.

"I do not want you to have a harder time; but an easier time. I wish to increase by efficiency your selling time, so that we will all have a bigger balance at the end of the month."

His staff realized as he stood there before them, that not only his consideration for them was new; but his quietness represented a new strength and his new gentleness had made him great.

Among the new converts none was a greater comfort to Mr. Harper than Mr. Henderson's

daughter "Fan;" and her father realized with pride that she had become his efficient partner. It was a happy day for the girls in Henderson's employ when "Fan" became their friend. Many a poor girl fighting for a clean life in her underfed, badly-clothed, poorly-housed condition was strengthened by a new hope, and no longer fought in despair. Of course, many there were in such a large establishment who did not wish to fight. These dropped out and were filled, without advertising, from a full list of applicants, who craved the opportunity of working in such helpful surroundings. In this way the staff of help soon became amalgamated and the new efficiency had greatly increased the volume of business. People began to realize they could get what they wanted and what they paid for at Henderson's without waiting. Cotton was cotton, wool was wool, linen was linen and mixtures were mixtures. In time the clerks were educated in a knowledge of the goods they were selling and in the most kindly and courteous way, purchasers were told the truth about goods offered and had found it reliable. The result was natural—purchasers came back and that best of all advertisements, pleased customers, not only increased

business but cut down the advertising bill. The name of the firm became good and established. Manufacturers and their salesmen alike, learned that they were required to keep faith with Henderson's. The policy of honesty increased the efficiency of buyers, and many a struggling, honest manufacturer was put on his feet with large orders at living prices. These things took time and meant constant vigilance. But Mr. Henderson knew his business, had brains and a square jaw. Mistakes were made, of course—who does not? When the Holy Spirit engrafts a man into Christ, He does not change any quality in him inherited from his parents. He puts in him a new Spirit and a new Mind, and all his motives are changed. Then He stands by to transform the whole man into the likeness of Christ.

With such an atmosphere in a business, it is felt and trusted. Mistakes are made, but corrected so kindly and sincerely that the customer would not mind a repetition of the same, for the pleasant experience of being treated as fellow beings, whose welfare is of more importance than their dollars. To walk through Henderson's was to be convinced. Customers came in as though on a visit to old friends,

nodding and smiling to clerks who had served them before and feeling quite at home. This kind of atmosphere cannot be made or imitated. It is felt because it is there.

It is not a religious atmosphere. It is Christian. There is possibly nothing so distressing and distasteful in any nation or among any people as a religious atmosphere. Consisting as it does of a legal "Thou shalt not, I am holier than thou" sort of precept and attitude. Being only the most obnoxious form of deceived human self, vainly endeavoring to lift itself by its bootstraps; devoid of sanity, logic and modesty; having for its most characteristic fruit a niggardly selfishness and leaving the last state of a man worse than the first, it has not one thing attractive about it. It is as ugly as its author—the devil, who is its lying father.

How different is the Christian atmosphere. Someone has wished that all men might have met with Abraham Lincoln, learned how little they were and partaken of his spirit. An impractical thought. But it is possible for all men to meet with a greater than Abraham Lincoln and do even better than partake of his Spirit—even possess His Spirit and have Him

dwelling with them and in them—the very Spirit of the Man, Christ Jesus.

Mr. Henderson's selfish religion was replaced with a Beloved Person—the risen, exalted Son of God, whose Spirit had come to dwell in the merchant and who made His first act, one of considerate sacrifice for others. If every man had the spirit of a gentleman they each would be a gentleman. The day is coming, thank God! when all will have, from the least to the greatest, the Spirit of the One, Gentle Man of the ages. Meanwhile the spirit of this age is controlling all men except those in Christ who resist his ugly malignity. And so it must not be supposed there was a small-sized millenium in Mr. Henderson's store. Rather was there a small size battlefield, where the Spirit of Christ only was Victor, according as the soldiers of Jesus Christ were submissive to Him in affectionate obedience and withstood the enemy.

People wondered at the delightful new atmosphere at Henderson's Department Store. They spoke of it as so different as to be quite un-understandable.

One day Mr. Peter Goodwin dropped in, and meeting Mr. Henderson on the floor, spoke to him about it.

"Henderson," said he, "this is a different place, what is it?"

"Well, for instance?" queried Mr. Henderson, who was distinctly pleased.

"One thing I notice which I can account for. I don't have to spend an exasperating half hour here now, and trot all over the building to buy a handkerchief. You have wonderfully improved your selling system and that I understand. But there is something I do not understand. There is an atmosphere here now that is wholly delightful. See that lady walking down that far aisle. She has spoken to three clerks already and received a pleasant nod from each. Who is she?"

"That is one of our new customers, a Mrs. McGill, the wife of a mason."

"Do they all know her?"

"Only as a customer."

"That is what I thought," said Mr. Goodwin. And that is one of the things I would like you to explain. I don't mind telling you, it used to be something fierce in your store. But that seems wholly vanished. There is a new atmosphere here, wholly new. Can you explain it to me?"

"I think perhaps I may give you a notion of what you say you cannot understand," said Mr. Henderson, thoughtfully. "I think the former staff had as many real Christians in it as the present staff. And certainly there is no claim to any special brand of superiority here over others. Any Christian here will tell you they are sinners, and non-Christians will tell you the Christians are good people. The atmosphere which you just called 'fierce' was devilish. The present atmosphere is Christian. I don't mean religious; that is the devil's meanest brand. I mean like Christ, because it proceeds from His Spirit."

"But how does it come that the same atmosphere pervades every department? I understand you to say there are no more real Christians on the staff than formerly," queried this clever lawyer and clubman.

"That would be called by some 'manipulation,' to a certain extent. I call it the Spirit of Jesus Christ in Charge. Ever since our first church meeting held in the Carlton House, I made up my mind that the meeting had been chairmaned not by Harper, but by the Holy Ghost. Harper could not have done it. He never did anything like it before and he never

could again, of himself. You know our former vestry meetings were like a meeting of political delegates and business sharks."

Goodwin nodded.

"Well, that meeting at the Carlton was the smoothest, slickest business meeting I ever saw. A lot was accomplished in an hour and not a bicker. It was not Harper's leadership. He came as near keeping his hands off as I can imagine it being done. And if you questioned Harper he would frankly tell you he had had nothing to do with it, beyond being desirous that the Holy Spirit should bring to pass what *He* wanted done. It was that meeting that set me thinking and seeking for similar results. Now, my staff of managers are of the same mind and spirit. We had a few religious men who wouldn't smile on both sides of their face at once for fear of cracking the enamel. And sour!—they just curdled every bit of the milk of human kindness around them. Pious too—pious as the devil!—and so selfish. Well, we got rid of them. I fancy nothing can be done to change that particular kind of leopard spots. Now it is different. These were replaced with some of the men that have confessed Christ under Harper's preaching and the big thing

now is, that management is agreed that the Holy Spirit shall be the Executive of this business. It used to be Henderson and others like him; now it is the Spirit of Jesus.

Then, too, we happily got rid of all the religious clerks we had. There seems no hope for such people. They are serving the devil when they think they are serving God. They made loud professions of being full of the Spirit. I think they were. I fear they were full of the Spirit of Error—not the Spirit of Truth, and that their works were works of the flesh, enervated by the evil spirit.

Now take these people who do not make a profession of Christianity. There is no trouble with them. They don't give us trouble. Christians give us no trouble except when they are tempted and fall; it is only religious folks who have put a hod on their shoulder, climbed in some other way than the door, and are trying to mount Jacob's ladder to Heaven, carrying their hod of mud with them."

Goodwin laughed.

"And I fancy," proceeded Mr. Henderson, "if they ever could carry themselves there, they would dump down their vile load in front of God and say, 'There you are! Now, what

are you going to give us?' Just like Peter did before he was born from above and filled with the Spirit."

"There is one thing more I suppose I ought to tell you."

"Go ahead! It sounds good to me," said the lawyer.

"We have started a noon-day meeting, where a chapter of the Bible is read and a prayer offered daily, in two shifts. It costs us \$150 a day to hold it; but it pays, I tell you!"

Just then a customer spoke to Mr. Henderson and the two men gave the high hand in salutation and parted.

CHAPTER TEN.

The day after Philip Goodwin talked with Henderson, he knocked at Harper's door and was cordially received by Harper himself, who remarked it was like old times to have him coming around. "How is Mrs. Goodwin?" he enquired. "Well, I trust?"

"Yes, she is well enough," remarked Goodwin, "so far as her body is concerned. She is rather a healthy woman. But it seems to me you have rather been interested in the souls of your friends of late."

"You would be nearer correct, Goodwin, if you said their spirits, minds and bodies. I am now interested in the whole man," said Harper.

"See here, Harper! You are a straight goer if ever there was one," replied Goodwin. "Now tell me about this second change in you. Nell and I are both puzzled. We have been to hear you. We have read the full reports of the papers, especially that of the Herald by young Hudson, and we are frankly puzzled. We don't understand you. I had a talk with Henderson yesterday, and I don't understand him either."

But I see things around Henderson's that never were there before, and which I fancy never would have been there but for the change that came over Henderson. Now tell me, I want to know."

Tears were in Harper's eyes as he looked at Pete Goodwin; and when he spoke the man before him was greatly moved.

"Goodwin!" said he, "I could explain to a twice-born man the process, and he would understand because he knew of his own experience. You would not understand, because the things of God are not understood by the natural man, 'neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.'"

"But I understood you before! Why cannot I do so now?" interrupted Goodwin.

"I have just told you, because no man in his natural, once-born condition, ever understood. God has made it impossible for the things of His Spirit to be grasped by the natural intellect—brains, let us say. The Spirit of God Himself reveals. Man does not get His truth the same as with the intellect he grasps the fact that twice two make four. It is even more clear and certain when He 'enlightens the eyes of our understanding,' but not before. God has

shut sinful, fallen man in a tight case, so he cannot get out by his own effort. He can only get out by God's divine operation in his behalf. He is in a deep and slimy pit and must be lifted out or perish. And no man can lift him out except The Man, Christ Jesus—The God Man. It is not a natural lifting, it is divine—supernatural.

“Now, I am well aware you cannot understand this, without seeing your troubled look. I know, because it is so written, and because God has personally verified it to me. I am glad you called for my own sake, Goodwin! I did you as well as myself a great injury. I thought I had grappled with a great and troubling question and was elated. I know now my elation was something more than natural—it was supernatural. But it was not divine, it was devilish. I was helped of Satan. I was as deceived as Eve was in the garden and by the same doctrine. You too were likewise deceived. Satan presented to you and to me the same subtle, pleasant doctrine that he taught Eve. He told her that she and Adam might be as God by *doing* what God had forbidden, with promise: ‘Ye shall be as Elohim’ (the Hebrew plural for God). He told Eve and he told you and me

that we, as men, might be God's equal, *without God*. This is the ‘doctrine of demons’ Paul predicted should be prominent in these last days. The Spirit of God spoke expressly through Paul that man should be given over to seducing spirits and demon doctrines, and that these given over men should heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, loving men's applause. I was such a teacher, you were one of them and the devil had both of us. There was not a thing you believed or that I believed that was not of our natural ability, helped by Satan's deception and plausible doctrine that we did not need a divine Saviour—we as natural men were quite big enough and able to become God's equal without His interposition. Why should we be under compliment to His Christ? This pleased us. It always pleases the natural man. But Satan had a difficulty in the way. He had to first destroy our belief in the divine source and authority of the Bible. Then he had to destroy our faith in the divinity of Christ. To do this he tackled the virgin birth; and to be successful he pooh-pooed at all miracles. Then he tackled the Atonement and Resurrection, and we believed all his clever lies. This is no new thing with

Satan. I have just been reading the plea of the Scribes and Pharisees before Pilate when they asked for a watch. Satan directed their first efforts to get rid of Christ's confession that He was the Son of God. Now they came to Pilate and asked for a watch, because this fellow had said while living He would rise the third day and they wanted it prevented by natural means; because they said, otherwise, 'this last deception will be worse than the first.' Exactly! It is worse. What they called 'the first deception,' was merely the assertion that He was the Son of God. The resurrection is the proof of that assertion. I am persuaded by the Spirit of God, Goodwin, that those Scribes and Pharisees never thought 'this out for themselves. They were taught by their master, 'the Spirit of Error'—the original liar and liar's father. He knew the danger. How could mere men look ahead and fear such a result? This is prediction, rather than a problem. Precisely the same kind of foresight as made the little girl at Phillipi a fortune teller.

Thus this same old devil fooled one more scribe and another Pharisee—John Harper and Peter Goodwin. I think we were honest enough too, in a natural way. We were both burdened,

and Satan took advantage of the crisis to lead us in the way that would serve his ends, balk Christ, and gratify our proud, sinful hearts. For as the Lord declared, he savours not things of God but of men. Satan pleases men—God does not. But my Lord rescued me, and He will you too, Goodwin! But it is not an explanation you need; it is Him—a living, divine Saviour. He will lift you out of the pit in which you are and He alone can. The decision rests with you. God has left you a free agent. You do not understand the doctrine now; but if you do His will, you shall know. Jesus said so, and He knew—John 7:17. John the Baptist said so, too: 'He that believeth on the Son hath life throughout the ages: and he that yieldeth not to the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God awaits him'—John 3:36. The Spirit of God also put His words in the mouth of the twice-born Apostle Paul, saying: 'If there be first the willing mind, it is accepted,' 2 Cor. 8:12. To His troubled disciples the Master Himself said: 'Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and God's righteousness, and all these things shall be added,' Matt. 6:33. You and I did not do this, Goodwin! We did not seek God's righteousness in Christ, first, second or

last—we sought our own righteousness. We were going to square ourselves with God by a righteousness all our own, by helping our fellow men to enjoy the food, drink and clothing, which the Lord Jesus said would be 'added,' after the first was attained. We wanted to do these things ourselves, and the devil made us believe the lie that it was sufficient. We were gratified because we had grasped it by our intellects and were proud of it. All others were stupid, 'no scholars,' etc. We alone had scholarship. But when Jesus came along He sat a little child in the midst and told us to trust as the child trusted, and not to think as a thinker thought. 'Except ye believe ye shall perish.' And, oh, Goodwin! I would never have made it had He not revealed Himself to me. When I saw His face and heard Him speak to me, in an instant I saw the whole plan of Redemption. It was all in Him. And I assure you it was no effort to be willing. My whole heart went out to Him in love and adoration. His own Spirit came into my heart, and by Him I called Jesus my Lord. He, too, was the Spirit of Sonship I then received, who made me call God my Father. And He put a new song in my mouth, even praise to my God. Indeed, He filled my

whole being with praise to Him who loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood, shed for me on Calvary. And as I read my Bible, it was as though all the searchlights of Heaven were shining on its sacred pages to make me see, and as though a living Teacher was putting His meaning into my mind. Everything was new. I was not only lifted out of the pit but planted on a great Rock which was firm and solid under me. I do not say I did not tremble; but I do say the Rock never once trembled under me. I was safe and I knew it. But greater than the sense of security was the love for Him who had lifted me. I adored Him. I felt I could never suffer Him away from me. It was not a question of being willing to do His will. The desire to do so was like a pain, so great was the longing to please Him. I think if I know anything of myself, I love Him with my whole heart and spirit and mind. And yet I feel so weak and helpless. The Rock is firm; but I am just a little lad trembling there. The Shepherd is strong, and carrying me with mighty strides towards His fold; but the poor lost sheep He found is weak, foolish, witless, with the same straying instinct. I know I will be brought safely to the Fold because of the

mighty shoulders whereon I rest, and because of the pierced feet that never grow weary."

Both men were greatly moved. When Harper ceased speaking there was a deep silence for some moments. Then Goodwin said: "I wish I had just the experience you describe."

"You may, right now," said Harper. "I know because 'now' is always God's time of acceptance. I know because your divine Saviour has done everything for you and everything is ready, waiting your decision. The Good Shepherd has overtaken one of His lost sheep this day. Let Him lift you on His strong shoulders, Goodwin!"

"I will," said Goodwin. "I would rather that at this moment than anything I have ever desired."

"Praise God!" said Harper. "You see Jesus said it was all that was needed—the willing mind. You shall as surely know of the doctrine. Let us thank God for this."

Quietly these two strong men knelt like little children. Harper asked Goodwin to pray; but for minutes he waited and only sobs came from this capable lawyer and club leader. After a time he grew quieter and Harper had the

strength and wisdom given him to wait. Then it came. In broken sobs Peter Goodwin cried:

"Lord Jesus! I cannot pray, I am so glad."

It was out. He had called Jesus "Lord," "and no man calleth Jesus Lord, except by the Holy Ghost." He had confessed Him before a brother man, and as it is written: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth that Jesus is Lord and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved;" Peter Goodwin confessed Jesus his Lord, and believed the resurrection and everything else connected with Him, because the Shepherd had sought him until He found him, and had lifted him on His shoulders rejoicing. Like Harper, all his soul went out to His Lord and Saviour, who filled all his vision and all his thoughts. He believed. And he knew right well it was not of himself. "Faith" had been given him. It had been grown in him by the Spirit of Faith, as the first-fruit of the Spirit. And alongside of it was another great, luscious fruit—"the greatest of these"—love.

As Peter Goodwin walked home, he realized all his doubts had vanished and all enmity against God had been taken away.

When he entered his house his wife said:

"Pete! What has happened? You have been crying. And yet there is a great light in your face. Tell me!"

He walked over to her and putting his arms around her, wept on her shoulder.

Nellie Goodwin was a wise woman. She let him have it out. Then he told her.

"Nell," he said, "you spoke of a light on my face. Is there not a verse of Scripture somewhere which says, 'God lifted the light of His Countenance upon us in the face of Jesus Christ?' It is something like that. I think that better describes what has happened to me than any words I might say. It all seems too wonderful for words, Nellie. It is so big and beyond words. The other day I had a talk with Henderson, and something he said stuck and troubled me. Today I went to see Harper. You know John Harper is a straightgoer, Nellie, and he went as straight as usual today. It was all kind and tender, but manly and straight. He even spoke in tears to me. But it fell on my soul like burning lava. I think he did not realize it. But—well, he brought me face to face with Jesus Christ; and oh, Nellie! when Jesus looked at me, such an infinite love and tender-

ness shone from His countenance I realized I could trust Him, and that He loved me as I had never been loved—something infinite about it. And—well, I guess I did just about what I did now with you. I felt He belonged to me and I to Him, and that He put His arms around me and comforted me."

"Oh Pete! I wish He would do that to me," said Eleanor.

"O, He will! I know He will," said her husband. "O, if you had ever seen Him, Nellie, you would be sure of that."

"But how? I don't understand," said she.

"Yes! that is about what I said to Harper; and he told me it could not be understood by the intellect, as it was a revelation. I did not understand him when he spoke, but I do now. I have seen Him for myself, and like the Samaritans I believe, not because of the words the witness spoke, but because of the Saviour I have seen and heard."

"I wish I might see Him," said this intellectual woman.

"Oh, you may, I am sure," said he. "Isn't there a word He spoke when on earth to that effect: 'Come unto me all ye weary burdened ones and I will rest you.' I did, you know;

and oh! the rest is wonderful, Nellie! And did He not say too, 'He that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out?' I can believe that now. No one could ever doubt it who had once seen His face."

"Pete! How do you 'come?'" asked his wife.

"Oh, I think I know now that Harper was right when he said these things could not be explained or argued. They are too big. And somehow, I don't feel as though I had done any 'coming.' When I saw Him and my heart went out to Him, I found myself in His arms and being rested on His shoulder. I expect, dear, He did all the 'coming,' the moment I was willing. I remember once hearing a man say there were no steps to the sacrificial altar. I know now, dear, what that means. He took all the weary steps for me, coming from Above to be the Sacrifice for our sins, not from beneath, and not of the earth. There was no need of steps."

"O, Pete! Where did you get that? It is the most beautiful thing I ever heard. Tell me!"

"I expect, dear, He gave it to me. Is there not a word which says: 'When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will bring all things to

your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you?'"

"Why, Pete! He is doing that very thing - for you, right now!"

"I expect that is so, dear. And by the way, Nellie! That is the great thought of yours. Where did you get it?"

She held him off with her hands and looked at him, wonderingly. "Pete! Is it . . . Do you suppose . . . What has happened to me?"

"Suppose we kneel down and ask Him, dear?"

When they had knelt he said: "You pray, Nellie."

They had to wait some time. Glad Eleanor was crying for joy. Pete waited. By and by when she was somewhat calmed, she cried in an abandonment of ecstasy:

"Lord Jesus, You are wonderful! And You are all mine. I will not let Thee go! I love You!"

When they arose from their knees she said:

"Pete! You were wrong a moment ago. You said you believed like the Samaritans, not because of Harper's words."

"How do you know?"

Eleanor went to the bookshelves and taking down a concordance of the Scriptures, said, "Here, Pete! Come and help me find it."

A few wrong searches and they found the right one.

"Here it is," said Eleanor. "1 Pet. 1:23," and read: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible seed, by the Word of God which is living, and abideth forever."

"It was God's words spoken by Mr. Harper."

"Why, Nell! you have become a regular 'text slinger.'"

"Just what I thought of you," was the quick retort.

"Yes!" said he, "weren't we a lot of goats?"

"I guess that's so, Pete!"

"Say, Nellie! how did you come to think of that text?"

"Why, don't you know? You told me, Pete, yourself. The Spirit of God brought it to my remembrance. Oh! There is another text I want."

And turning over the leaves of the concordance, she exclaimed:

"Here it is! 'We have the Mind of Christ'—1 Cor. 2:16. Don't you see, Pete? It is not

our minds at all. It is His Mind: The Mind of the Christ who dwelleth with us and is in us. Where is that?—Here it is: John 14:17—'Even the Spirit of Truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.'"

Then she put her arms around his neck and said: Isn't it splendid, Pete? What stupid, unspeakable sinners we were, in our proud unbelief and scorn!"

"Yes, dear!"

"I want you to get me a Reference Bible."

"All right. What one?"

"Guess it had better be Scofield's. Someone said that was the only Reference Bible that referred."

And there we will leave them, with their Bibles and their newly received Holy Teacher to guide them into all truth.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

One wet day a taxi pulled up on Park St. and Daniel Longstreet got out and rang the bell.

The butler assured him Mr. Carr was in, and showed him to the library where he found an old man, quiet, restful, with a look of peace on his face.

"Well, Longstreet!" Carr greeted, "Glad to see you. Pretty wet out, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

Longstreet said no more and Elder Carr remarked: "It was good of you to come and see me, in this rain. John and Alice come out as often as they can get away and I go in and sup with them often too; but it is lonely here, and one likes to see old friends."

"What have you been doing?" enquired Longstreet.

"I have been reading my Bible; a book I have long neglected."

"Carr! What's come over you? I know something has. As your lawyer of course I have known some of the things you have been doing of late. But there is something else.

You yourself are different. There is a different atmosphere in this house."

"I believe that's so," said Elder Carr. "The atmosphere that used to be here was the spirit of a great sinner whose name was Elder Carr. Now it is the atmosphere of the Sinless Man, Christ Jesus, who is the Master of this house and, of course, His Spirit must be realized by all sympathetic souls. And by the way Longstreet! Your own soul must be sympathetic, or you would not notice the atmosphere."

"I don't know about that. I seem to myself to be about the meanest, most unsympathetic soul living. I feel awful, and thought I would tell you. Can you help me?"

Longstreet looked it. His words were scarcely necessary to convey the fact to a close reader of human nature like Elder Carr.

"I'll tell you what, Longstreet! I'll 'phone John. You and he used to be pretty good cronies, and I know he likes you. Was speaking to me about you the other day."

"No! no! Carr—don't. I don't want him to know what a culprit I am, you know."

"Pshaw, Longstreet! John is not like that. Why he knows he is a sinner himself. He thinks himself a bigger sinner than you. I'm going

to get him down. It will do him good and help you, too. Do us all good."

So Mr. Harper was called. And when Mr. Carr told him Longstreet was there and would he not come down? "Well, rather!" said Harper, and in a few minutes he was with them.

"John!" said Mr. Carr, "Longstreet has called to see me and I thought it would do us all good if you would come and have a little talk together of salvation. Won't you read a chapter that shows the Way simply and clearly?"

"Yes, I will with great pleasure. Thank you for giving me a chance to join you," said Harper. "Won't you give Mr. Longstreet a Bible and we will read those first eleven verses of Luke five?"

"And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the Word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret.

And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.

And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.

Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

And Simon, answering, said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.

And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.

And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.

When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken:

And so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him."

"This is at once the most complete and simple story of salvation I know," said Harper.

“Do I understand you, Harper, that the whole thing is there?” queried Longstreet.

“Yes, surely—everything,” Harper assured him. “I know of nothing omitted and everything in God’s order.”

“It is very simple. I always thought it a different thing indeed to become a disciple of Jesus. Of course, you know without my telling you, that I did not consider myself a Christian because I was on the vestry of St. Paul’s. Doubt if any of them did, eh, Carr? Unless it was Ira Warren. And I doubt if even he was that simple kind. Let me get this right. Do I understand from that story and your lucid explanation of it, that Peter did not go after Jesus, but the Lord went after him?”

“Exactly.”

“And the first thing He did was to ask of the fisherman a favour?”

“Right.”

“And that this was rewarded by giving Peter the right to become one of God’s children?”

“Correct again.”

“How was that?”

“Because it is written that while ‘Jesus came unto His own possessions His own people received Him not; but as many as received Him

to them He gave the right to become sons of God.’”

“Was receiving Him in the boat and pulling off a bit from the shore enough?”

“Yes, that was the first stage.”

“And then what?”

“Another promise was fulfilled. Peter having done God’s will was made to know the doctrine as the Lord discoursed.”

“Yes, and then?”

“Then he was told what to do and did it.”

“A little unreasonable but very simple, eh? Something like that leper Naaman about washing seven times in Jordan to be cleansed?”

“Very like that, indeed!”

“Is salvation not a thing of reason, Harper?”

“No, it is not. Not of reason but a very reasonable thing.”

“Just what is it then?”

“It is an unmerited gift, in the person of God’s Son. God does the giving and man the receiving.”

“That’s reasonable, too,” said Longstreet.

“God being greater than man, having most to give, it is reasonable He should do the giving and we the receiving. But has man nothing to do himself, to get ready to receive, or to earn it?”

“Why, no, man! A gift is not earned or got ready for, either.” As the lawyer looked puzzled, Harper continued: “You see, Longstreet, man from the beginning had always proved himself a failure, coming short of God’s requirements. He could not reform himself, much less pay the penalty of his sin. It was a death sentence he was under; and the law could not be upheld without exacting the penalty. That was why God sent His Son to free him from guilt and its consequences. On our behalf He fulfilled God’s righteous demands both actively and passively. In His life, going about doing good, He fulfilled every precept of the law for us, who could not fulfil one item; because we are sinners. Even men refuse service from thieves, rogues, liars, adulterers and murderers—showing them to the door. How much more must our Holy God? But He could accept the Service of His Sinless Son, and the Lord Jesus tendered it to Him on our behalf, fulfilling every regulation written against us, and which we were guilty of breaking. But that was not enough. We were all found guilty and the penalty was death. In submitting to death, the Son of God passively fulfilled God’s righteous demands, for us. There is now no

ordinance written against us. The law Christ fulfilled to the letter and put it away; and now, all righteousness having been fulfilled in Him and the penalty paid, God’s marvelous offer to all mankind is simply this: Your acceptance of my beloved Son, is all I require of thee. ‘He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.’ ‘He that believeth on the Son hath life to endless ages.’ ‘And he that yieldeth not to the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God awaits him.’ ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish; but have life to the ages of ages.’

“The other side of the picture is a fearful one. We read that this beloved Son, ‘Being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. *Wherefore,*’—note that connecting word—‘wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above every name; that at

the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' In other words: God so loved the world that He gave His own Son for its salvation; but He so loves the Son that He proposes every knee shall bow and every tongue acknowledge Him Lord, whether they confess unto salvation now, or damnation hereafter.

"There are two occasions when men do this. The first is recorded in Rom. 10:9, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, that Jesus is Lord, and believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' That is now, in this day of grace. The other occasion is written in Rev. 6: 15, 16. That is at the Second Coming of Christ. They will bow and confess Him then, Mr. Longstreet, but it will not avail. That is His due for all He suffered. But confession *now*, is to receive the gift of God's Son and with Him all things freely. 'Now is the day of acceptance and the day of Salvation.' "

There was an intense, tight atmosphere when Harper finished speaking. At length the lawyer asked what he must do.

"Nothing," said Harper. "but be willing to

receive. The Lord Jesus Christ has done everything for you that God required to be done, and God waits but for your willing mind. Are you willing to receive Him as your Saviour and Lord?"

"Indeed I am," said the lawyer. The three men kneeled and Harper asked Longstreet to pray. He said he did not know how.

"There is a very good prayer in the Bible, once made by a publican: 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.' Would you pray that?"

He repeated the words. "Now tell Him just what is in you heart," said Harper.

A long pause and Harper waited. "O Lord," he said at length. "I'm an awful wicked man; but won't you save me?" That was all he managed to say and they rose.

"Do the first thing he asks of you, Longstreet. Be particular about that. I must go now."

The next morning a ring came to Harper's door and there stood a jubilant man—Daniel Longstreet. "Come in my brother! You have good news for me this day. It's written in your face. Now tell me."

"Well, I remembered what you told me about being particular to do the first thing He asked

me to do: He was not long about it and it was pretty hard. The one thing I did not want to do. But I did it. And oh, the joy that became mine the moment I obeyed." Then his eyes filled and his lips quivered and his voice broke, as the depths of this strong man's soul were broken up.

When the news reached Peter Goodwin he said: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Daniel Longstreet has confessed Christ! Well, that does me good. I'm almost as happy as I was when I confessed Him myself. Nellie, Daniel Longstreet has confessed Christ and is as happy as a little boy."

Eleanor came down the stairs, saying: "Why, Pete Goodwin! You don't say so! My, that makes me happy! Say, Pete! they must be pretty nearly all saved now of that St. Paul's crowd."

"No, there are a few left: Loudon Roxbury, Wallis Pimpernel, Mrs. Larrabell, the Cushings and a few more. But there is hope for them all, Nellie, when two such sinners as we found acceptance."

"Yes, indeed! Say, Pete! I'm going to pray for those people. May God save them all."

CHAPTER TWELVE.

On the morning of the meeting called for examining candidates for the foreign mission field, along with Messrs. Warren, Henderson and Simpson, came, at Mr. Harper's request, Messrs. Goodwin, Longstreet, and Carr, to lend their experience of reading men to the committee.

Some twenty candidates were examined and had left the committee to make their decisions.

Mr. Harper rose and said: "Brethren! We have reached an epoch in the history of our communion. To me it is of paramount importance that the Holy Spirit Chairman this meeting and select the candidates as at that first missionary meeting at Antioch, when He said: 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul to the work whereunto I have called them.' Let us put this selection definitely into His keeping."

Bowing their heads, in a few simple words, God's Executive was asked to speak as clearly to them as at Antioch, as to whom He had chosen for this work. He then told them that he had prayed about this, and every time he had done so, two men had come before him—

George Hudson and Michael O'Connor. Hudson was here this morning, and you heard his testimony and saw the man. Connor you have seen and heard singing. He is a printer by trade and a singer by gift. He has been much at my house and Mrs. Harper and I have come to love and respect him."

When he sat down Mr. Warren rose and said, "I, too, have been praying about this and like Mr. Harper the two men he mentioned have come before me. After Mr. Simpson had given a similar testimony to the astonishment of all, Mr. Henderson arose and said: "I can't say I have been saying prayers about this, but I have been thinking a lot with a desire to do as the Holy Spirit wishes. I always like to think of Him as the 'Spirit of a Sound-Mind.' It is impossible for me to imagine Him selecting a man for such a task without a gift for it. Since I have been appointed to this committee I have been studying missions a little. So far as I have studied, it strikes me as being a pretty large sized man's job. One man claims to have done one hundred and fifty different kinds of work: from the diplomat to the ditcher; the banker to the office boy; the manager of a large business with many men under him to

the driving of a truck wagon and digging a well—about 25 ft. of which he had blasted out of hard rock. On one occasion he comforted a Scotch laddie far from home and friends on his death bed, nursed him, and when he passed Beyond, shrouded his remains, had a coffin made, gathering the materials here and there, secured a burial place, had the grave dug, arranged for the funeral, preached the sermon, was a pall bearer, buried him and then assumed his appointment to the executorship of the estate, probated the will, disbursed the estate and a few dozen other things I do not remember. Then I believe a successful missionary besides knowing the contents of the Bible, should have a clear revelation of the Gospel and know the Holy Spirit as a person and also satan and his devices, must be a bishop, and if successful will have a lot of native churches and preachers in a wide territory under his charge.

My meditation on these things induces me to believe the Spirit of a Sound-Mind will not ignore these things in His selection and will choose a man and not a figure head, someone He can use rather than a man with a few diplomas and a license to preach. I, too, have

thought of George Hudson and Michael O'Connor. I believe George Hudson is such a man. I believe Michael O'Connor with his sweet voice, knowledge of printing and sunny disposition, will be a valuable Timothy to send along with Mr. Hudson."

Peter Goodwin said, "I cannot improve on Mr. Henderson's outline." Elder Carr said: "As a banker I would hardly choose a young man just out of college to go into a far country and manage a branch bank, no matter how many diplomas he had or what license to preach. He would need to have found himself at home first and made good. I cannot conceive of any peculiar quality in an ocean trip that is likely to make a missionary. From what I know of George and what I have heard today, I should think he is the right man. A printer and singer will doubtless be an acquisition, and O'Connor seems a pleasant and sensible young man."

Nelson Longstreet said: "I fancy George could probate that will and dig the grave, too. And he certainly can report. We will be able to see what's going on through his eyes. I fancy the ability to report and see things as they are is a very necessary adjunct of a pioneer missionary. Such a man is not so likely

to be deceived by appearances as some. Besides George had a lot of experience selecting and handling men as manager for seven years of Samson and Kennedys Wholesale Dry Goods, before he became a reporter. I think you will not be disappointed in George and that Michael O'Connor will be a valuable help to him."

"Supposing we 'phone for O'Connor and have him come if possible; and meantime call in George Hudson," said Harper. "Please," said Mr. Warren and all bowed approval.

When Harper returned from the 'phone he announced that O'Connor's manager was sending him along and George Hudson was coming in.

When what seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to them was told, Hudson, he simply bowed acknowledgement, and said: "I shall seek to please Him."

"Then we will consider that settled," said Harper.

When Mike came in and was told their leading, his eyes quickly filled with tears as he said: "I know. He told me to go; but I did not know He had also told you to send me. It makes me very happy and sure of His will for me."

In like manner North China and Siberia were chosen as the fields of operation. The men were told to get ready and choose their steamer. To draw on them for what they needed for outfit and traveling expenses and the future disbursements would depend on the way they were led and reported.

Thus were sent out their first missionaries.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

At Sea off the Aleutian Isles.

Dear Mr. Harper:

As you can see we are far out at sea. It must have been a calm day when the Pacific was named. Sailors hate this route. Yet I am told they have crossed when the fiddles were never put on the tables, nor was there a glass of water spilled. Unfortunately, it was not ours to have such a quiet time. After passing Williamshead, the old ship began to roll. One by one the deck was cleared of passengers. I who prided myself on being the last to go below, was not proud five days later when I learned I was the last to get back on deck again. Moral: Be the first to go and you are likely to be the first to return—if you know how to take care of yourself.

We have a full complement of first class passengers, and the line was quickly drawn between missionaries and non-missionaries. However, the missionary is flattered and courted at home he is very much an undesirable at sea. I have heard many yarns which do not bear the ear-marks of truth. Some, however, I fear,

are true, from what I have personally observed.

There is a couple of unfortunate young women aboard. The first we heard of them was that a missionary lady, who objected to their company, had asked the purser for another room through a missionary doctor. It was promptly given, and in this small village on the water the incident was much talked about. The women were closely watched and given credit for behaving themselves very well, on the whole, except a small faction, composed of the missionary doctor and two clericals, who seemed bent on making trouble.

My seat in the dining room was between a Jew and a bishop—a very good position for an old reporter. I got the news from both factions. The Jew, whose chief interest on board seemed to be gambling, would not allow me to be a missionary “wearing a brown tweed suit like that.” The bishop, however, was a good fellow, and a gentleman. When he found the doctor with two missionary colleagues had taken up their position outside the unfortunate girls’ rooms to spy on them, the bishop was the most disgusted man on board. “It was very undignified, Hudson, to say the least,” said he, as we took our usual deck tramp together.

I heartily agreed with him; but the missionaries who had been barely tolerated before, were strictly ostracised now. This the bishop felt keenly, and delivered himself thus: “See here, Hudson! You and I have not been mixed up in this thing, and it’s mean of them to ostracize us with those who are guilty of such atrocious conduct.”

It was reported at dinner that the missionary doctor had gone to the captain for redress. The captain very sensibly said: “What can I do? Would you have me throw them overboard or put them in irons? It seems to me the young women have behaved themselves very well indeed.”

I thought of poor Kate Macy, and how well she behaved when the little boy was sick.

So I’m no’ so sure about some of the stories I hear. I’m like the Scotchman who was no’ so sure about anything: “I’m no so sure about Willie Bruce, I’m no so sure about Marcus Dodds, I’m no so sure about Epp’s cocoa; I’m no so very sure about onything: I’m nothing but a puir agnostic.”

On the morning of the 16th day, someone shouted “Land ahoy!” and the binoculars were very popular for the next few hours. As we

drew near land we got sight of the first Japanese in their fishing boats, very primitive looking with their brown skins hidden only by a small loin cloth, and their scowling faces with high cheek bones and almond eyes.

An Insurance agent said to me as he looked at them over the rail: "So you've come out to live with creatures like that and try to make Christians of them? I admire your courage."

"The Master loves them and God is not willing that any should perish. Besides," said I, "I am only a witness—just an instrument. The making of Christians belongs not to man, but to God."

Indeed I was glad of this. To look at them other than through His eyes, would be hopeless indeed. But His love, which broke every barrier down in my own heart, is equal to these whose looks bespeak them far from God and without hope.

It was Sunday when we landed, and wending our way to the Union Church, we met a missionary or two. The man who had preached that morning said he had decided to give up preaching profound things to the natives, such as "science" and "philosophy" and to preach the simple Gospel—a very good decision, indeed!

Another missionary accosted me and introduced himself as "The Reverend Henry Transparent." I told him my name was Hudson, and I was on my way to North China to preach the Gospel. "The Reverend Hudson?" queried he. To this I did not reply. But he was not to be put off. "The Reverend Hudson?" he repeated. "Not very. I'm a poor sinner saved by grace. And is there not a word which says of God: 'Holy and reverend is Thy name?'" I replied.

"To what church do you belong?" said he—rather severely, I thought.

"To the church of the first born, whose names are written in Heaven, and I generally worship with all saints," I replied rather timidly to his severe Reverence. Which was evidently an unfortunate remark. I was no longer revered, if indeed I had been from the first.

We went to a Union Bible Class in the evening and the old Doctor of Divinity who led was somewhat distressed with a bright young Scotchman who represented the Bible Society.

The Doctor had been deducting from the lesson that soon the whole world would be converted, such marvelous progress was being made.

The white-haired bishop (not my shipmate) had been telling us on board that everything had now become a missionary—"The very steamer we ride on is a missionary" he declared. And in Japan, where they had formerly always sung in a minor key, they were now beginning to sing in a major key. He also told the passengers on this occasion that the poor Corean school boys (who had sat on stone floors all their lives) had the most pitiful school room. "Just some deal tables to study at and deal benches to sit on; and not a picture on the walls!" I thought of the old log schoolhouse.

Then he added as an afterthought: "I have just been home trying to raise a hundred thousand dollars to build them a decent school room and properly fit it and supply them with a staff of classical teachers." Well, he nodded approval to the old Doctor's teaching.

But the Scotch laddie was of a different mind: "Just where in the Word of God do you find yon Dochter?"

This was not relished. The Doctor got red in the face, and soon exploded to this effect:

"See here, young man! I'll not stand your impudence any longer. I studied the Bible before you were born."

"Aye, I hae the advantage o' you there, Dochter! I've studied it since," said the laddie from "Bonnie Scotland."

We were fortunate in meeting in the capital a charming missionary lady who knew the Lord and His Book, and who bore about in her countenance the Light of her radiant Master. She graciously furnished Mike and me with letters to a "kindred spirit" in the next port, where we were cordially received. It was most fortunate we had come, as a little party of missionaries were to meet that night and we would be most welcome.

So thither we went with expectant hearts—and hungry. Alas! poor Mike and I were the only grey birds present. The men were all black birds with white breasts and long tails; while nature reversed herself and the female birds were they of the gorgeous plumage.

The entertainment consisted of talk, a very dainty lunch and music. One business man spent a half hour trying to convince me that the best way to win men to Christ was his way: To-wit, to drink with them at the bar, be one of them in all their games, etc. After one of the single missionary ladies sang a love song, another business man sang a German song, which, if

not wholly understood by the audience, had some of its meaning conveyed by the oft repetition of "trinke."

Our hostess then graciously asked me if I sang. I perforce smiled, and excused myself on the ground that I never attempted to sing anything but hymns.

"I'm not so sure but a little hymn singing would be a good thing," said she.

I looked across at Mike, and he shook his head violently. That was fortunate. His hostess saw him. Poor Mike! They would not let him off. So he sat at the piano, playing his own accompaniment. He surprised me. Mrs. Harper and Miss Clarke have evidently had an apt pupil. Mike sang the song that melted all our hearts that first morning in the Music Hall—"My Mother." The effect was electrical. From the first word everybody ceased talking, held by the beauty, pathos and power of the song and Mike's charming voice and masterful interpretation. I looked around the room at the third verse, and saw the tears coursing down nearly every cheek. The anti-climax was tremendous. Everybody got ready to leave and our bashful Mike was the lion of the hour.

This I will post today, and before I can write

you again, we expect to be in another land among another people. Wish I could see you all. We are strangers in a strange land. I have told you what we have been doing and seeing; because I would like so much to know what you are all doing at home. One thing I am sure: You will be holding the ropes as we go down into the pit to seek those our Lord would ransom. Our love to all.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE HUDSON.

Seoul, Corea, Mar. 1st, 18—

Dear Mr. Harper:

Your first letter reached me here, care the Legation. To Mike and me it was like getting back in the Tabernacle and seeing you all again. If the whole truth must be told, we have been lonely. For while our host is a manly Christian gentleman and makes us welcome in his home, we are birds of passage, far from home.

In answer to your question as to the best way to spend the fund in your possession, this I am not at all competent to answer as yet, except in a general way. I have, of course, taken note of things here while waiting for a steamer north, which will be more economical

than an overland trip, and gives an opportunity for becoming acquainted with conditions on the mission field.

Frankly, these are not to our liking and I fancy would not be to yours. Legation dinners, house building, schools, hospitals, committee meetings, lawn tennis, club teas, language study and walking parties, do not enthuse us very much. And while it is pleasant to be together, I cannot feel but what more than one missionary might live outside the Capital.

As we are only sojourners, we have been cordially accepted. But some others have not fared so well. An Evangelical missionary of a Southern Communion came here by invitation from a Korean gentleman to open a mission. He was ostracized by his own church even, of the northern fold. When one of these was holding its annual meeting, he was allowed to speak as a corresponding member. Holding a local magazine in his hand, he read a fervent appeal from a member present for more missionaries, on the ground of much territory waiting to be possessed. "Now, what do you mean?" he frankly asked. "I came here by invitation from a Korean nobleman to open a mission, as the representative of my church.

I have been told I cannot settle here, nor there, nor elsewhere, as these places are pre-empted. Yet I have been to these places and found neither missionary, native Evangelist or a solitary Christian. In the words I have just read to you, one of these places is mentioned as in great need of missionaries. Do you mean missionaries of *your* communion, or any missionary who loves the Lord and desires to preach the good news concerning Him?"

He said to me afterwards: "Well, I had 'em."

There are two independent missionaries here too, who have had similar difficulties. They are both qualified men of ability.

When it was learned they proposed presenting themselves to the Bible Committee for membership, a scheme was devised to add a clause to the Constitution that only chartered society members were eligible.

Our manly host was there, however, and immediately moved acceptance of these brethren, and his colleague seconded him. Said our host: "We do not want charters—we want *men*." The debarring motion was withdrawn and they were elected after producing their credentials.

These are little straws which may point the

way the wind blows north of here. I hope not.

As to the money, while I have thought much about many phases of the work, I am as yet in the dark. I do not feel I know how to work; and, alas! I can get only general answers to my many questions. Of this I can assure you: I have no reason to believe I would spend it any more wisely than others have spent money here; which I certainly do not wish to do. It is not my idea to build such expensive brick and dressed stone houses for our residence, which to the natives equal the King's palace. For while we are all kings in disguise, traveling incognito to a far country, our own Kingly King had not where to lay His head; and when "every man went to his own house, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." He had no house to go to.

There may be alterations to make in a native house, such as lighting and ventilation; but I fancy these will suffice.

This I have, however, gathered: None of the missions I have met have a reserve fund, and are continually unable to meet emergencies. It does not seem necessary to them or their Boards to be ahead of the game. Judging from what I have seen and observed thus

far, it will not require much to keep Mike and me going for some little time. We get two dollars silver for every one of gold, and there is a further advantage in exchanging silver into cash. I have been repeatedly told that a dollar silver will go as far in the East as a dollar gold in the West; and this I judge is a conservative statement. However, it seems quite possible to spend the liberal salaries missionaries are granted. One chap who was always complaining he had not enough to live on, I found was importing canned beans from U. S. and lemon squash from England, among other things of like nature, while possessing a large garden, and able to hire coolies to work it, at ten cents a day—good farmers, too. On the contrary, I know of three missionaries who have saved and returned to their Boards \$500 each—very much to the annoyance of the lemon squash man.

This, however, I feel I can recommend, that you put \$20,000 of your fund in reserve, the principal not to be touched. And borrow on your certificates when an emergency opportunity is presented, replacing later, when feasible. In the meantime, I am sure your regular offerings to missions will more than meet our need.

When next I have the privilege of writing you again, I trust I may date it North China.

Mike sends his affectionate regards to everybody, in which I heartily join.

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE HUDSON.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

North China, June 24th, 18—

Dear Mr. Harper:

It was very considerate and thoughtful of you to send another letter to this part of the world, and Mike joins me in hearty thanks.

It will be news to you that your name and news of your work has reached this uttermost part of earth. We have found here also the Boanerges Society in flourishing condition, who forbid all men casting out devils who walk not with "US." It seems you are not only a non-comformist, but worse still—a non-comformist of the non-comformists, that has not yet been "recognized," and to be avoided as "a dangerous man." We seem to be about as welcome here among the missionaries as our southern friend was in Corea.

But there are a few non-members of the Boanerges Society, who privately are kind to us and bid us God-speed. Among these is a man who has been here for a quarter of a century; and certainly we have been royally treated by John Ploughman.

He came out trusting God; and without a

Board, without a Committee, without a Secretary or Treasurer, or any church pledged to his support and he has more churches than one mission of forty-four missionaries. He lives in a cozy native house with a thatch roof, along with his gracious, talented wife. A friend of his was telling an evangelist who is known all over the world, that John Ploughman had a larger work than any missionary in the field and lived in a small native house with a thatched roof. "What!" said the evangelist, "He lives in one of these native houses with a straw roof!" "Why, yes," said the friend. "He has Mrs. Ploughman to live with. Anyone could be happy with her in a straw beehive."

They have now an average of 82 native evangelists out preaching the gospel in every house and selling Bibles. Last year they preached the gospel from house to house in nearly 35,000 towns and villages; sold over 70,000 Bibles and Portions of Scripture (Genesis, Exodus, Proverbs, John, Acts, etc.). Mr. Ploughman has his churches thoroughly organized and the evangelists working on a practical business system, reporting monthly. He has his fingers on everything that is going on, constantly. He has no schools or other appendages; but de-

pends solely on the Word of God, the Holy Spirit and twice-born witnesses to Christ.

He was a business man before coming out—a manager in a wholesale house, where he learned to select men and handle them. But he depends on the Holy Spirit as they did at Antioch, to separate and send men out to the work whereunto He has called them; and the men of his church I have met are simply splendid. He is a gentleman himself, and his men are, and they know the Lord and His Spirit and Book.

He and Mrs. Ploughman could not have given us a heartier welcome if we were their own brothers in the flesh. It is very nice, I assure you.

He tells me the secret of his success from the spiritual side is letting the Holy Spirit teach the truth, grow His fruit and administer all the Church's affairs. From the natural side, he thinks that recognizing race-prejudice and meeting it is the most potent factor. After he discovered how utterly the natives despised the white man, he reversed his policy of living with them as one of themselves, wearing himself out travelling from town to town, and now keeps himself from them as much as practicable, dealing only with his secretaries, pastors,

deacons and evangelists. His troubles have largely ceased since he did this, and the work has increased a hundredfold.

We have been heartily advised by him to get an interpreter and start in at once. There is a vast plain to the hinterland of this, practically untouched as yet. He advises our going there and offers twelve of his proven evangelists to accompany us to get started. We can also get the Scriptures from him at cost price, which is very much lower than the regular cost.

This makes us very happy. Like yourselves, we can immediately work by proxy; and thanks to your generosity, we are able to support the evangelists and pay for our books at once.

Mike has been able to help Mr. Ploughman in his printing plant and teach them a number of time-saving devices. I hardly know which is the happier—Mike or Mr. Ploughman.

Ever yours in Christ,

GEORGE HUDSON.

The Hinterland, Xmas, 18—

Dear Mr. Harper:

Thanks for your good letter with all its love messages and for the generous draft. And three times three and a tiger for the love gift

to dear John Ploughman. That was just like you. Indeed, he needs it; and none can use it better.

I rejoice, too, that you have accepted my suggestion to create an emergency fund. Thank Mr. Henderson for his kind words of appreciation.

Well we have our little home and a field adjoining for a garden and orchard. We do not propose to order canned beans from America.

The house is new and clean and cost us the enormous sum of \$65. We shall have to add a stable for our ponies and cow, also a cellar and store house, but fancy another \$65 will easily cover that. We do not anticipate we will need \$300 a month each for our personal and travelling expenses.

And now, I have kept the best for the last. The twelve evangelists have been out just six months. In that time they have preached the Gospel to every house in 2,880 towns and villages, sold 6,700 Bibles and Portions, and best of all, have added 3 churches to the Lord. The churches average 44 to a church, and have already built themselves clean little chapels to worship in. I do not know but the next news may please you still more. A number of these

twice-born babes in Christ have been out preaching on their own account and one man has read his New Testament through five times already.

At the earnest solicitation of the evangelists, we have sent out fifteen of these men; having remembered John Ploughman's earnest word, to catch their first love on the bound. Your generosity enables us to do this without waiting.

O, this is great, Mr. Harper! We can talk very little as yet in their language, of course. But we understand one another for all that. The language of the skies is written on the faces of these redeemed ones.

You will notice these 2,800 towns and villages were evangelized for less than 25 cents U. S. currency each. I believe the usual cost is \$30. This, too, makes me happy. The dear ones in the Tabernacle, many of whom work so hard for their money, can now evangelize villages by proxy for every "quarter" they can give.

Reckoning fifty people to a village we have been able the first six months of our work to tell 144,000 souls the old, old story.

Mike asks me to tell you he hopes to be print-

ing our own Bibles by next year, and joins me in affectionate greetings to the church.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

GEORGE HUDSON.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

On the first Sunday in May the Church of Christ held their anniversary of the opening of the Tabernacle. They had an enrollment of 4,560 members, and an attendance of over 6,000 at each service. Had started four missions in neglected portions of the city, and a flourishing Foreign Mission Society.

When George Hudson's Christmas letter was read, the people cheered and cheered. And when Mr. Harper called for the doxology they stood and sang, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. The applause was no less generous, when Harper told of his weekly Bible classes in other cities and their generous contributions to missions. He had held during the year 450 Bible classes, travelled 1,800 miles, written 5,400 letters and received \$47,600 for Foreign missions, working on these simple pre-millennial lines; of which the Tabernacle had contributed, apart from the first gift of \$22,000, \$12,560.

Mr. Harper then told them in a simple, plain way, of the vast plains unoccupied in Africa. I hold in my hand the report of a work of grace

in Africa. Ten years ago they considered the possibility of withdrawing. They then decided to use the native Christians freely. By adding five times the native force, they had from practically no applications for baptism to 1,500 at the end of the decade and their communicants were more than doubled, while native contributions multiplied ten times and their audiences in three places increased from 3,400 to 11,400. The people are asking for evangelists to tell them the way of God.

"These appeals are largely due to the work and worth of native Christians, many of them far away from a station or an out-station or the personal influence of the missionaries.

"I am glad to get this testimony from Africa, as it is one more proof that the native preacher is the key to missions," said Mr. Harper.

I also have here a letter from John Ploughman to the same effect. He says:

"Dear Mr. Harper:

Your generous gift from the Tabernacle of \$2,000 is received. We needed the money; but I think we needed the sympathy more. To know that our God continues to make men care is a stimulus, which indeed lightens the heart. Please accept our grateful thanks and give our thankful greetings to your generous people.

I have also to thank you for Mr. Hudson and Mr. O'Connor. Mike has been making melody in our home and harmony in our printing press. It was a joy to have him around and he has been of very great practical help.

As for Mr. Hudson, I have been a missionary for twenty-five years, have met hundreds of missionaries in Japan, China, Corea, Philippines and from India and Africa. Mr. Hudson appeals to me as the best equipped, all-round missionary I have ever known enter a field. I think the Church will hear from him. He has got a good and quick start along apostolic lines, and with your generous support in sympathy, prayer, and money, I predict that you will soon have the most successful mission in any field. The native preacher is the key to rapid, thorough and economical evangelization of the world. Even where the gospel propaganda is mixed with educationalism, if the native Christian is given half a chance, the results are immediately noticed.

I thank you for your kind and generous words. But indeed, I have been the gainer in every way and heartily tender you thanks for your sympathy and consideration.

Yours in best bonds,

JOHN PLOUGHMAN."

"I have to report to you," continued Mr. Harper, "that again we have been meeting for early prayer to pray over the speedy evangelization of the world, and that the Holy Spirit will show us what to do and permit us the privilege of a small co-operation with Him. This is our anniversary and again we will take up our yearly offering for missions. Of the \$71,000, received during the year, \$20,000 was put in an emergency fund for The Hinterland; \$20,000 put in a similar fund for Siberia, \$3,000 remitted to Mr. Hudson, \$1,000 spent on their expenses to the field and outfit, \$2,000 remitted to John Ploughman; and the balance of \$25,600 we have on hand.

"It is my earnest hope that we may occupy the vacant territory in the French Congo and the other vacant plain in the Sudan this year, on the same lines Mr. Hudson has put so successfully in practice—also Siberia. For each of these fields we will require two men. Will those who feel constrained to go, please come forward."

Some forty men responded. They were asked to take the plates and gather in the annual offering to missions.

While doing so, Miss Clarke thrilled the au-

dience with McGranahan's hymn, "Far, Far Away in Heathen Darkness Dwelling."

When the collection was counted it was found \$125,000 had been put on the plates.

Again the audience rose and sang the doxology.

Mr. Harper asked: "Is it your wish that we should give the gospel to these three other sections of the earth, on the same simple, pre-millennial lines Mr. Hudson is pursuing? If so, please put up your hands." When the more than 6,000 people seemed to all put up their hands, it was a sight.

"Thank you!" said Mr. Harper. "Now will you permit me to add Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Longstreet and Mr. Carr to our committee of selection? If so, kindly hold up your hands." Again it was unanimous. Another rousing doxology was sung, and a happy people went home prepared for another year's restful service in cooperation with God's Executive—the Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

"THE WARREN PROBLEMS" SOLVED.

For some of the family they had been splendidly solved. Again they meet around the family board on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Warren came in from The Church of Christ along with their son Tom and daughter Eleanor and her husband Pete Goodwin and their children. Their daughter Evangeline came as usual from the golf links. Jessie and her rich husband Laurence had come from their own church. Polly's husband, the professor of history in the big city university, had come as usual from the University club where he spent his Sundays. Thoughtful demeanor characterized the home.

It was Professor Bradley who opened the conversation. Addressing Mrs. Goodwin, he enquired if she had got those animals all comfortably placed in Noah's ark.

"What do you mean, George?" she queried.

"If my memory serves me right, not so very long ago you said at this table, 'I'll never forget the first time it occurred to me—when I was reading Darwin—that if the ark were as large as Barnum's circus and the Natural His-

tory Museum put together, it couldn't have held a thousandth of the species on earth. It was a blow.' Have I reported you correctly?"

"Quite correctly, George. That was when I thought that Darwin and I knew more about it than God. Now let me see if I can correctly report you. I believe you said on that same occasion, in answer to a question from mother if you were not limiting the power of God: 'Which is the more marvellous—that God can stop the earth and make the sun appear to stand still, or that He can construct a universe of untold millions of suns with planets and satellites, each moving in its orbit, according to law; a universe in which every atom is true to a sovereign conception? And yet this marvel of marvels—that makes God in the twentieth century infinitely greater than in the sixteenth—would never have been discovered if the champions of theology had had their way.' Have I reported you correctly?"

"Yes, Eleanor, better than I could have done it myself."

"Thanks, George! You are delightful! But to the question: No one knows what a cubit at that time was. But I have today no trouble in believing that the Architect of such a universe

could plan a ship big enough to house two and two of all the species of the earth He made, and house them comfortably. It would be a trifle easier for Him to do this than Barnum or the animal keepers at the Zoo. With Him they lie down in peace and the lion eats straw like the ox. There were no cages required and space would be economized. Furthermore, He who gathered them from the four winds without animal catchers could preserve them; and He who made Elijah go forty days on the strength of the food the angel gave him, could make the animals go many times forty days without food if need be. As for the Ark, just as He 'prepared a great fish' to swallow Jonah, as a type of our Lord's three days and nights in the heart of earth and afterwards of the resurrection; and just as He gave Moses a pattern of the Tabernacle as a type of Christ, in like manner He told Noah the fashion he should make the ark, because it was to stand evermore as the type of Him who shall bear the Church safely over the coming destruction. You may not know it, George, but there are good men in the Church today who by eating overmuch of 'The tree of knowledge,' whose fruit has given the race such a vitiated appetite for theories and

argument, would have it that the Church must go through the last great tribulation. In the Ark and its eight souls borne safely over the water tribulation God has forestalled the theory and all its clever postulates. Now, Sir! I have answered your query. Will you permit me in all seriousness to tell you why you have not found this out for yourself, and why you do not believe it?"

"I shall be pleased to have you do so, Eleanor; and I take this opportunity of saying I have a profound respect for your brains and logic."

"Never mind my brains and logic. I know this, George, before the Spirit of God 'enlightened the eyes of my understanding.' I was as blind and ignorant of the things of God as any pagan. This is what I believe: You have not seen these things and do not believe because 'Satan has blinded your eyes, less the light of the Gospel of the Glory of Christ should shine upon you, and you should be saved.' Like Eve you have rejected God's word and eaten instead of the tree of knowledge at Satan's behest. And the time of this ignorance God has in mercy put up with; but there will come a time when God will laugh at your calamity and

mock when your fear cometh, except you believe in His gracious provision in Christ. 'He that hath the Son hath Life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not Life,'—'the wrath of God awaits him who yields not to the Son.' " Tears were standing in Eleanor's eyes and her voice had lowered almost to a whisper as she finished.

To break the silence that followed Evangeline asked Tom where he had spent the day.

"I went and heard Mr. Harper preach and Miss Clarke sing."

"I thought you got enough church at boarding-school?" Evangeline suggested.

"So I did of the kind they had there," he countered. "Mr. Harper is different now. I go to hear him because I never see him with my soul or think of him. He makes me see Jesus; and Jesus is very beautiful. After hearing Mr. Harper preach since he went to the Music Hall, I feel as though there was nothing I would not gladly do for Jesus. He seems to me so manly, so noble, so good, so 'altogether lovely,' as Mr. Harper lets us see Him. And when Miss Clarke sings, the same thing happens. I forget her and do not think of the voice or the music, I can only think of the wonderful Person she is singing about."

As Tom spoke, the father and mother and Pete and Eleanor all looked at the boy in glad wonder.

"Yes," said the silent Ira Warren, "that is all so to me too, my son; and your father is made a happy man by hearing you say so."

He cleared his throat and proceeded: "I think, children, if you will permit your father to speak, that the trouble with so-called orthodox preaching is that people do not see Jesus in their midst or hear Him speaking, as Tom has just told us. I, of course, believe in orthodoxy, because it stands for an inspired Bible and the deity of the Saviour. But the Son no longer abides in the 'orthodoxy' of the apostate churches. They have the letter, the truth, without the Spirit of the Son; and 'the letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth Life.'

"Many things that were said at this table at the time of Mr. Harper's coming to St. Paul's were true. Much of what you said was true, George. But your conclusions were utterly false and came as Eleanor has pointed out, from a darkened mind—darkened by a malignant personal enemy, Satan, who works on similar lines as the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of Truth can do nothing for us except there be first the

willing mind. Likewise the Spirit of Error. Eve made her choice in the garden between God's word and Satan's testimony; between contentment with God's lavish provision apart from 'the tree of knowledge' and indulgence of the self-will that preferred knowledge to God's teaching—man's wisdom to God's. As to the manner orthodoxy treated Galilio's acquired knowledge, it was an apostate orthodoxy—more ignorant but not as far departed from the faith as apostacy has reached today. On the other hand 'science,' falsely so-called, is even worse than the most deadly apostate orthodoxy, in that it is bent on putting its carnal guesses of puny, finite, sinful minds, above God's declarations, and strives to make this world a good enough place to live in without Christ, by the acquisition of wealth by machinery and combines. But I would not have you think, George, because I agree that some of your charges are true, I have failed to notice the infidelity underlying your remarks, however carefully clothed in pleasant phraseology. For in order to hold the devil's religion logically, it is necessary for you to get rid of miracles and the divine fact that 'all Scripture is God-breathed'—'Holy men of God spoke, borne along by the

Holy Ghost.' In like manner you try to get rid of the virgin birth and resurrection. For if Satan can get foolish men with darkened minds to preach his religion, (and his religion is the same in every pagan and heathen country and the same in essence as 'scientists,' falsely so-called, preach), he is doing a good stroke of business for himself. And if he can get his ministers in the chairs of our colleges endowed with Christians' money and chartered on the basis of the Holy Scriptures; and further get men in Christian pulpits to preach his bloodless, Christless, men-know-it-all lies, he is as clever a tactician as the Bible declares him to be. I have liked Mr. Harper as a man from the first; but I never admired him so much as the day he apologized for living unmanly upon the children's bread, while feeding them on stones, putting a bar-sinister against the birth of Jesus and trying to take away the pure name of His virgin mother."

"Do you think then, Father," enquired the professor, "that these men are not conscientious in what they believe?"

"On the contrary, Sir," replied Mr. Warren, "they have been given to believe—sincerely believe—the devil's lies, by the Spirit of Error;

just as all twice-born men are given the Holy Spirit's fruit of faith to believe God's Truth, by which they are born of God, by His Spirit and twice-born witnesses, co-witnessing to Christ. The fruit of the evil spirit is from 'The Tree of Knowledge,' while the fruit of the Holy Spirit is that grown on branches of the True Vine—Christ."

When Mr. Warren finished speaking, Mrs. Warren said: "I do believe, Ira, that is the longest speech you ever made in your life!"

They all laughed. Pete Goodwin said: "Then it's a pity, mother, for I never heard a better speech."

As they rose from the table Eleanor contrived to get hold of Tom and take him off to their room. They were followed by Peter, who heard Eleanor saying to Tom:

"I was so proud of your noble testimony to-day, Tom! and I am sure you are not far from the Kingdom. For Jesus Himself is the first and the last and all that lies between, of the faith once for all delivered to the Saints. In Him we have all that Heaven has provided for our salvation, and without Him we have nothing."

Tom was deeply moved and said, "Oh, Eleanor! I love Him! I wish I knew He was mine; that I really possessed The Son."

Taking her Bible she pointed to John 5:24 and asked him to read it. Tom slowly read several times: "He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting Life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed out of death, into Life."

"Does it mean that?" he asked. "Yes, all that and just that," she answered.

"Well, I certainly believe Jesus' words, and that He is God's sent Son. Am I therefore passed out of death into Life?"

"What is that you are reading?" she asked.

"God's word," said he.

"Do you believe my word when I tell you a thing?"

"Yes, indeed, Eleanor!"

"Then you can believe what Jesus said. It was He who said that."

"Why, of course I can!" Tom vehemently responded. "I will take Him at His word because I know He is the Son of God and can only speak the truth." He paused. Then his eyes filled and like the warm hearted lad he was, he put his arms around Eleanor's neck,

and sobbed, "Eleanor! what has come over me? I see it all. I see that I shall not come into condemnation because He was condemned in my place. I see His beautiful face. My Lord and my God! Thou art mine for evermore and I am Thine! Thine alone!"

Peter stood and watched them through tears. Eleanor could do nothing but pat Tom's shoulder.

When Peter found his voice, he said: "Nell, my dear! It seems to me 'The Warren Problems' in the house of Warren are being solved. Mother used to say to us just to trust, and we did not know what she meant, because we did not know Jesus. But since God has lifted upon us the Light of His reconciled countenance in the face of Jesus Christ, we recognize the wisdom of mother's testimony and cannot better it. It is just trust—eh, Tom?"

Tom sat up. "Yes," said he, "that covers the whole Gospel; but it must come from above. I know now what it is to be 'born from above,' and I suspect that no man knows until that comes to pass."

"Me, too;" said Pete. "Nellie was right today, as right as father. Say, Nell, old girl! that was an effectual drubbing you gave the pro-

fessor today. You shut him up just like a jack-knife."

"Please don't say that, Pete! It was awful hard to have to speak so plainly. I did not feel I was trying to shut him up. I just felt borne along to tell him the truth in Christ, and was not thinking of consequences. I felt it had to be done, that my Lord was demanding it of me."

"I guess that was so, alright! And I fancy that is the way George took it."

"Pete! do you think he will ever believe?"

"All things are possible to God, my dear. I should not be at all surprised to see him believe soon. It is plain testimony such as yours today these latter day proud intellectuals need; and I reckon he will not soon forget his meanness of eating the children's bread under a pretence of defending the Bible, while all the while he is preaching in all subtlety the three horrors, (he meant unbelief in the virgin birth, the atonement, and the resurrection) that, once believed, do away alike with a divine Bible and a divine Saviour, leaving a lost world out in the cold with them, eating the husks which the swine have left. But George is sincere and conscientious; and when once he is born from

Above, he will be as manly as Harper and make restitution of all his unjustly gotten gain."

"Pete! do you suppose Loudon Roxbury will ever believe?"

"Nellie! You do give me posers today. 'All things are possible with God;' but if it be more difficult for a rich man to enter Heaven than a big humped-back camel to squeeze through that little gate at Jerusalem called 'The needle's eye,' I should say there was still less chance for that fellow who stood on the street corner praying or for old Caiaphas. I don't know of course that little Loudon and his pious kind belong to that crowd. Both my mind and heart refuse to decide. But I can't help feeling that if he is not one of them the breed has died off the earth. And I'll tell you what, Nellie; The Lord Jesus and Peter and Paul and Stephen and all those filled with the Holy Ghost, while infinitely gentle and tender with sinners, uttered against scholars and Pharisees and hypocrites the most scathing denunciation ever recorded on this earth. And I believe the time is at hand again, when God will have other witnesses on earth so filled with His Holy Spirit of Love, that the love of the Spirit of Jesus Christ who dwelleth with them and is in them,

will so cast fear out of them, that they will not be afraid of man or devil. They will 'speak the truth in love,' but—*it will be the truth*. Men seem to have almost forgotten that the Lord of Glory, who this moment sits on the Father's right, pleading for us, is full of grace and truth, and not grace only. It is that cursed devil's religion that George preaches and attaches God's Name to spelled with a capital. He should spell it in small letters and use the Bible term: 'The god of this age.' But that would defeat the devil's purpose and his ministers will not do so. They will continue to call on men to be 'up-to-date' and 'up-to-the-spirit-of-the-times.' It would never do to exhort men to be up-to-the-devil, which is the same thing. And all these so-called scientific philosophic fellows who minister Satan's lies as angels of light—one and all boost man. Man is "it." The only God they have any use for is the god of this progressive age, whom Jesus said, "favoured the things of men;" and when evil men and seducers wax so bad that nearly all men worship in some form the genus homo, Satan will bring forth his 'man of sin,' the mock Christ. But thank God, he can't do that until the Holy Spirit has escorted the Bride of Christ

to the Bridegroom! But he is sure getting the world ready to believe everything possible to man and pooh-pooh anything like a suspension or overcoming of natural laws (which we call miracles) on the part of God. Our Lord said: 'With God everything is possible' and implied that nothing was possible to man. Things are reversed today. These false scientific fellows say such things as miracles are not possible today but there is nothing man will not accomplish in time. But I have been preaching and unconsciously my text has been the devil's text in the garden concerning man: 'Ye shall be as God.' "

"Go on, Pete, don't stop!" cried Tom.

"I will only add this: While the Spirit of Error is getting his world ready for his mock christ, in politics, commerce and religion; and evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse, to form the harlot bride of the anti-christ; the Holy Spirit is preparing the Bride of Christ and getting her ready for the Bridegroom—the Faithful and True. And I am so glad for that picture in Genesis 24, where the servant of the rich father sent to get a bride for his only son, is the type of the same servant of Luke 14, sent out by "A Certain Man"

to invite guests to His banquet. The Servant is the Spirit of God. We read of His unwillingness to be hindered, and the Bride's willingness to go. We see her getting quickly ready, putting off her shepherdess dress and putting on the garment of the righteousness of God in Christ, provided by the Rich Father, and adorning herself with the Gifts of the Spirit, and like Paul counting all her most prized possessions as refuse because of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, her Lord, imparted to her by the Servant. Again we see Him as Hegai furnishing things for her purification, out of the King's Palace (for all the Rich Father's possessions are under His hand) and when the day dawns for her presentation to the King, she will be as fair and beautiful as He. For "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for her, that He might sanctify and cleanse her with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present her to Himself, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing but be separated and without blemish in stainless glory." The God of Peace will separate her wholly, and her whole spirit and soul and body will be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Because He

who calleth her is faithful, who also will do it. And we shall know Him from afar; for while His marshalling host shall be clad in white, in their midst shall He be seen in dyed garments dipped in blood—the blood of Calvary; the blood that washed us from our sins; the blood by which we became blood relatives of the Most High God and joint-heirs with His Only Son.

But we also read of a certain King who made a marriage for His son and sent out His servants to bid guests. Matt. 22:1-13. A certain man made a feast and sent out His Servant—singular number; a Certain King made a marriage and sent out His Servants—plural number. Here we have the Spirit of Truth witnessing to Christ, John 15:26, and twice-born men 'also'—verse 27, who were not permitted to witness until their co-witness was given—Acts 1:8.

One-third of the earth's population is yet to be reached. It is ours to sell all that we have and place the money at our Lord's disposal, sending out others like George Hudson, who will send out under the Spirit's Leadership, many twice-born co-witnesses with Him, to be a sweet savour unto God in every place, until the Bride is won and our God justified. Then

shall the end come; and our Traveling Companion will take us to meet the Coming Bridegroom.

Blessed Hope! May it shine brightly in the deepening gloom, and buoy us up, as in haste we fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, for His Body's Sake, and preach the Gospel to every creature as commissioned—'quickly.' "

CHAPTER XVII

Realizing from his indwelling Guide that the only excuse for a church in an oft evangelized community was for worship and evangelizing every creature to the uttermost part, every service in the tabernacle was a practical Foreign Mission meeting to John Harper. His Lord being great in his eyes, he, perforce, was little in his own. He could conceive of no greater witness on missions than John Ploughman, who, in the simplicity that is in Christ, had "arrived." Being on the inside until he not only had gotten his feet wet, but was well soaked for a quarter of a century—literally submerged in missions—so that he knew the language of the people, which is least, the customs, which is more, and the people themselves, which is most to be esteemed in a knowledge of missions, and that he had found it necessary to cease the practice of tradition and work on more resultful lines as taught by his Guide was no surprise to John Harper. Had it been otherwise, he would have been surprised. Neither was it a matter of wonder he wrote to John Ploughman for practical information which

could be depended upon to work; nor, having received answer, he should not think it too long to read from the pulpit on a Sunday morning. "Let the people know," was a motto he believed in. So we find him thinking more of the testimony of John Ploughman than of John Harper and letting the Ploughman occupy his pulpit by proxy.

Instead of preaching he read:

Hinterland, North China, March 19th, 18—
My dear Mr. Harper:

It is a pleasure to comply with your request and state some practical things concerning missions I have found to work.

First, let me say something of the hindrances.

The white man comes to the mission field, usually as polished as educational institutions can make him, and, possessing an overlarge idea of the superiority of "civilization" over "heathenism," is handicapped. It takes him long to realize the civilization (of say a country like China) is older and their education better suited to them than that of the West. It takes him longer to realize that the Chinese despise this highly civilized, cultured, superior being from the West and has difficulty in tolerating the white man's odor of soap. This is about

what a cultured Chinese thinks: The manners of this "Reverend" person are grotesque, rude, intolerable (and indeed Chinese etiquette is superior to ours). His appearance is strange and rather frightful and his speech contemptible. His education, nil—does not know enough characters to read—and his writing is worse still. He eats like a butcher, with a knife.*

Seeing the missionary looks wild to the Chinese, smells bad and acts worse, neither has anything he desires but his evidently well filled purse, it is, of course, nothing wonderful that race-prejudice erects a fairly large size barrier between the man who goes from the West to the East,—about as big again as the true Southron erects between himself and the negroes.

Moreover, every kindness done is suspicious in their eyes: That fellow must have sinister motives to act so queer and be willing to spend time and effort and money on strangers in a strange land, is his thought.

During my first fifteen years schooling there, I tried nearly everything to break down this dislike and distrust. Of course, what I am telling you now I have only learned lately and knew nothing of it in those early days. My ef-

*A butcher is on the lowest rung of the social ladder in China.

forts at being a good fellow among them only made them treat me as a coolie. Athletics worked better than other things but did not get me anywhere worth while. That I could and did beat them plenty at their own sports only excited their envy—perhaps roused their hatred, too, of the western barbarian. It was an awful experience, I doubt if I could face it now. Having done so in ignorance made it easier. I should awfully hate to see a friend go through what came to me in those fifteen years of making myself cheap to those proud Orientals and increasing their prejudice; and to ask a single woman to do it, with the Orientals' added disrespect for her sex, is indeed more than I could do.

It became a happy day for me, when six missionaries left the care of a work started, to me. It was three hundred miles away from my place, and I had no one considered qualified, as I thought, to send. However, I did the best I could, sending a native brother. To my amazement he made good. I sent others. They did better. I sent many more, through whom God worked His wonders in the name of His Holy Son, Jesus. The Spirit of Love had cast out fear of using native converts before being trained.

Then some of the things I am telling you were pointed out to me by our infallible resident Tutor.

I think, Mr. Harper, it is a simple statement of fact, to say, almost everything God's Executive has done through my poor instrumentality was literally thrust upon me. Like so many missionaries, I was possessed of the Spirit of Fear, instead of the Spirit of Love who casteth out fear; and also with the Spirit of Doubt instead of the Spirit of Faith. The devil had more of me those days than God had. As I became better acquainted with God's Executive, it became easier; but these great changes from traditional to practical missions I was thrust into without knowing what was taking place.

The results have been staggering—to none more so than myself. It seems incredible that He should thoroughly sow the ground on which dwelt ten millions of people for whom Christ died, with "the Seed of the Word" and "the Children of the Kingdom," from house to house, inside of five years, and only two of these children were white folks—but He did. Still more incredible is the fact that He gathered unto the Lord even more churches than the Apostle Paul and his band, with these babes in Christ.

We should not be surprised at anything He does, since He is the Spirit of Him who fed about five thousand men, besides women and children, with the contents of a little lad's peddling basket—but we always are. And being yet so material ourselves, all things great material we still think wonderful. So when I discovered that what cost mission boards \$30.00 to do, He accomplished for less than 25 cents U. S. money, I was dumfounded. I refer to reaching a village of fifty people with both the spoken and written word. This represented a curtailment of expenditure, and a saving of ninety-nine cents out of every dollar, for those other five hundred million yet unreached, for whom Christ died.

You would think with such a first hand experience, that when He talked with me and said:

“Now, these little ones you have been casting into deep waters to learn to swim, as you see, have been swimming very well—even better than you. But they are still looking over their shoulders at you standing on the shore, and feel safe. I want you to get away back from the shore where they cannot see you, and leave them to me,” that I would not hesitate.

But I confess with shame I asked for an extra four months to be made sure about it. As always He put up with me and my doubts and impudence.

At the end of the time, which just completed my twenty-fifth year, I did as He bade me, and again these despised ones have made good. The Executive of God has proven how easy it is to Chairman all meetings with my successor, a native pastor, bringing all into absolute unanimity, and has been teaching them in the same easy way and bearing on these branches of the True Vine the most wonderful crops of Grace, and flowing from them such rivers of living waters as perhaps never flowed from any white man, living or asleep, since the time of the early Church.

It is all so wonderful, yet beautifully simple, I have no words to describe it half, much less tell it all. I can only plead that God's Executive may be given opportunity to show the Lord's own what He can do.

This I can say, however, that it no longer seems incredible to me, that He can finish up His commission and ours of giving the Gospel of Grace to every one of these five hundred million creatures remaining, in the next five

years, sending to each—and going with them—two or three twice-born co-witnesses with Him to Christ, nor that He only requires fifty million pounds sterling to do it and do it thoroughly and thus rapidly.

Is it not splendid to us poor little material folks, to have such a delightful, concrete proposition to throw ourselves into, and share His burning desire to not be “hindered” in taking His sought and found Rebecca to her waiting Isaac? It thrills me through and through, the wonder of the privilege and the possibility of co-operating with Him in hastening the day of our meeting at the appointed trysting place with our Kingly Lover.

I am also deeply impressed with the mighty privilege of being summoned as a witness in the Court of the Son of Man, when His rejectors shall be judged, to be one of the two or three witnesses to justify God in establishing by testimony every word of the Court’s findings against rejectors.

I love to think He will judge righteous judgment, without any tricks, technicalities, evasions, suborned witnesses or any such thing, and every case will be proved by witnesses who have seen and heard.

Of course, none of those who have neglected so great salvation will want to be judged, and all will make excuse—but the witnesses will be there. He is sending them now and will have them then.

He has asked me to co-operate with Him in getting His work done “quickly” as commanded, and I hope to have the privilege of co-operating with you unto this blessed consummation.

Until that Day of days, when we see Our Bridegroom in all His Kingly glory and beauty, may the truth be quickened in the Body, that “The King’s business requires haste.”

The Servant of Luke 14 knows it. May the servants of Matthew 22 speedily know it also—taught of Him.

Your fellow-witness in Christ
JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

This letter was used as an opening for an impassioned appeal from John Harper, for the tabernacle to throw themselves and their all into the rapid evangelization of the remaining millions.

CHAPTER XVIII

When John Ploughman reached America, three foreign missions were being conducted by men from the tabernacle and supported by their offerings. As one friend said to him, "It is enough to turn your head the way God has used you."

John Ploughman replied, "No, 'God's ways are not our ways.' I feel so ashamed and so utterly unworthy. But, like yourself, I would have said the same thing, doubtless, before the results were granted. We are such poor material and so sinful, that God is obliged to keep from us what He is doing with us, and then shame us before the ego has a chance to puff up. Of course, if He did not take quick action, we would puff all right."

"You are right—wholly right," added John Harper. "It is my experience, too. The more God does for us here, the more ashamed I feel in His holy presence."

The affairs of the tabernacle were so blessedly prospering, "everybody wanted to get on the band wagon", as one put it. That was the danger threatening the tabernacle.

Came a day when even a secretary of a large board mission noticed the work being done, and made tentative efforts to annex the prosperous work.

A meeting was arranged and the secretary appeared to talk matters over with John Harper and his colleagues. John Ploughman was an invited guest.

"Now, Mr. Secretary," questioned John Harper, "will you kindly state your proposal."

After the usual compliments, the secretary stated: "There is so much overlapping on mission fields, we have been trying to avoid this by getting together and to assign fields to each mission, rather than, as at present, have so much competition and useless expenditure for several plants and duplicate missionaries in the same fields. We would like you to join us."

"What do you suggest as a good working basis for such an allotment of territory?" queried Peter Goodwin.

"Well, I think," replied the secretary, "we could safely leave that to the missionaries themselves."

"Have you no idea how you would proceed?" persisted Peter.

"We fancy they would appoint a representa-

tive committee," he answered, "and arrange for some to vacate certain territory in favor of another mission, and have that mission vacate other territory in favor of the former, equalizing as far as possible the transaction."

"How about the people themselves?" said Peter.

"O, that does not seem to make trouble," was the reply.

"Were they consulted in the specific case to which you refer?" insisted Peter, who was suspicious.

"Well, not exactly—that is, they knew, but were not asked to vote on the question," nervously answered the secretary. "You see, they do not know anything about these things and the missionaries are obliged to settle such questions for them."

"Is that the way you do, Mr. Ploughman?" asked Peter.

"No," said Ploughman, "our people have the same voice as ourselves. But we never settle anything by majority vote. It has been our aim to let God's Executive chairman all administrative meetings, and He has always made our people of one mind and heart, without any exceptions."

The Secretary's lip curled.

"Would you mind giving us a concrete example, Mr. Ploughman?" This from the corporation lawyer, Longstreet.

"Not at all," he heartily replied. "Our church government, for instance, requires that all pastors be nominated by the pastor-general at the General Assembly which meets annually. The names are presented, and if the whole church heartily wishes them, and no one brings forth objections when the opportunity is given, the pastor-general then sets them apart by the laying on of hands. Elders are nominated by the churches at quarterly meetings, and these nominations are placed before the general assembly, and unless the whole church heartily accepts them, without one objection, they are not ordained. We have never had one rejected.

"As to the manner the Holy Spirit chairmans such meetings, an incident occurred in the ministry of the late A. J. Gordon, which illustrates His action clearly. There had been a difference of opinion in his board of deacons, and strong feeling existed over a practical matter requiring a decision. Dr. Gordon knew this and had been burdened about it. On the day of decision, after the opening exercises, the

pastor, who, under Baptist procedure, presides, left the chair, saying, 'The Holy Spirit will chairman this meeting. You will, of course, do nothing and say nothing you believe would offend Him, or of which He does not approve.'

"The result was very blessed. The deacons materially differed, it is true; but their difference took this shape:

"Brother A. said to Brother B.—'I think your way is best; let us do it your way.' 'No', said brother B., 'I have been thinking about it and I want to do it your way.' In a few moments this body of strong men were considering each other better than themselves, and the result was, in a few moments all were of one heart and one mind.

"This incident made a deep impression upon me, and when the time came to put it in practice on the mission field, the same blessed result was given us, to the praise of His grace, who first wooed these little ones, to trust in Christ."

There was a profound silence for sometime after this testimony. Every one present felt a little too full to speak. It was Mr. Henderson who next spoke:

"Yes, I, too, have found that true, even in a department store. I would like to ask you, Mr.

Secretary, how the missionaries of your board and others proceed in the matter of thoroughly and rapidly covering the ground and reaching all the people in a given territory?"

The Secretary looked puzzled as he replied, "Well, I hardly know the exact procedure. We seek to leave some initiative to them."

"Can you not tell us what that initiative accomplishes, and what the cost is?" was Mr. Henderson's next question.

"Well, no. You see we never keep such statistics," he answered.

Turning to John Ploughman, he asked, "Can you tell us, Mr. Ploughman?"

The answer was promptly given:

"With an average of one hundred evangelists and pastors we reached ten million people, covering every highway, by-way and yard ("hedges"), inside of five years. A village of fifty people cost us less than twenty-five cents to reach with the spoken and printed Gospel."

"Do you know the average cost to missions in general?" he was asked.

"Yes, it is \$30.00," he replied with equal promptness.

"Is the ground thoroughly covered at that?" he was asked.

"I am sorry to say it is not," was the reply. "While I followed traditional missions, I went anywhere in a district that was promising, skipping the other places, in common with others. Latterly we covered all the ground systematically."

"What do you think of this proposal for us to join with the Boards in mapping out territory?" came from Elder Carr.

"In the early days I was one to not only be willing, but strongly advocated such a procedure. About twenty years later it was tried in our field. I was not consulted. The place, 300 miles away where we had inherited a work, was divided between Presbyterians and Methodists. As more than \$25,000.00 had been spent and we had the territory strongly manned, we felt grieved. Then the field where we live was divided between Methodists and Presbyterians. Again we were not consulted. Upon inquiry, we were told we were free to go anywhere. This was all we could do. In a few years younger missionaries arrived in these territories and accused us of overlapping. As we had been the pioneers in both places, occupying them before others had considered the fields, we naturally felt hurt."

"Apart from you, simply considering the exchanges made among the board missions, do you consider it was worth while?" queried Mr. Carr.

"I have been told by one of themselves the lines were not well respected, but I know not of my own knowledge," he answered.

"In your opinion, would it be worth while for us to consider this proposal in the light of your knowledge of missions?" asked Mr. Carr.

"It is my opinion you would be very foolish, for several reasons:

1. It is contrary to the procedure which has brought you so much blessing.
2. Their present procedure does not cover the ground thoroughly.
3. They believe in converting as they go, and have been at it about three centuries, while you believe in witnessing to all as speedily and thoroughly as possible unto hastening the Lord's return, and do not care to wait another century or two.
4. They would insist on a pro rata voice per number of missionaries, and giving territory in the same way. That means that George Hudson and Mike O'Connor would have about 1/10th of one vote—and less territory. None of your native pastors and evangelists would be allowed to vote."

"Are you ready for the question?" asked the Chair. All but the board secretary replied in the affirmative.

The proposal was unanimously rejected.

Addressing the Secretary, Mr. Harper said, "I am sorry, Mr. Secretary, that the conditions seem to automatically hinder our joining you in this move, which has apparently some most admirable features."

The Secretary arose and bidding them adieu, left the meeting.

John Ploughman, asking and receiving permission to speak, said:

"Gentlemen. I know this secretary intimately and for years. He is a splendid fellow, of gentlemanly instincts, and a delightful friend. It grieves me to differ from him. But in a matter so momentous as the rapid, yet thorough evangelization of the world, we may not permit our personal affections to rule. I mean that unless the Lord has possession of our affections and His Spirit controls our testimony, we had better drop all pretensions of co-operating with Him."

"Mr. Ploughman." It was Ira Warren who had spoken. "I frankly confess that, looking at your testimony in your letters and George

Hudson's, together with your testimony since coming amongst us, I, as an old man of the old school of training, cannot escape the conviction that the outlook for missions is most discouraging.

"Here is a world-field of vast proportion and much land to be possessed. The Church has been working at missions since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, while highly organized missions may not represent more than a century of time, one hundred years is a long time to men. Now, giving full value to what has been accomplished, and considering the men and money at work today,* on the one hand, and the opposing forces on the other, we seem to be losing rather than gaining. I believe it is said two million babes are born in heathendom to one convert baptised. I should be immensely grateful to you if you would dispel for me the apparent hopelessness of the task."

John Ploughman was very serious as he replied, "That is all too true if we consider the little accomplished in view of the years, men and money spent. Your question, Mr. Warren, is a very large one and involves doctrine as well as practical business for the Lord. I will

*In 1912 there were 24,000 evangelical missionaries spending \$38,000,000.00

be pleased to enter into it and give a solution as seen from the firing line, if agreeable to all present."

All present bowing their assent, Pete Goodwin voiced the feeling when he said, "Go ahead, we all want to know."

Thanking them, Mr. Ploughman proceeded, "As to doctrine, the Church, from the time of Constantine, has been looking for the conversion of the whole world before the Lord comes, which has regulated their practice in missions. Holding this view, the Church has sought to win as they go. The practice has never yet produced the conversion of a single village, much less a town, city, province or country. Furthermore, the early Christians were disobedient in not fulfilling the Lord's injunction to preach the Good Tidings of what He had accomplished for a lost world, 'beginning at Jerusalem,' then covering Judæa, then Samaria, 'and unto the uttermost part of the earth.'

"But though the early Christians revealed the disposition of the best Christians to 'let George do it,' they failed to reckon with prophecy and Him who brings His will to pass. The Lord had specifically declared the destruction of Jerusalem, yet they hung around, failing to

'go' as a Body, as commanded. 'Beginning at Jerusalem' was according to instructions; hanging on and evangelizing over and over again the same city, was not. He did not say convert Jerusalem, then Judæa, then Samaria, and finally the uttermost part of the earth, but, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me' in these places and in this order.

"Then as now they realized what a fearful thing it was to fall into the hands of the living God. When the terrible persecution took place we read this result, 'The disciples being scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Gospel.'

"God has a way of getting His will fulfilled, and, gentlemen! I do not wish to alarm you, but for some time I have not been able to escape the fear, that some such awful catastrophe is hanging over the Church now, and will surely fall if this work is not taken up in the manner commanded and in the way provided by the Lord. For it cannot be gainsaid by any man who knows missions from the inside, and the practice of the home churches, that again we are hanging around Jerusalem, as it were, and failing to do the witnessing commanded. Our Lord's example in refusing an invitation to re-

main in one town because He was sent forth to go to 'other towns also,' is almost wholly ignored; and even those who obey and go, practice the old way of hanging around Jerusalem, to convert as they go. You would think those who had their doctrine straightened out and were taught of the Spirit of Truth that the Lord would return after the world was *evangelized*, and finish His work with outpoured judgment, rather than after *the Church* had *converted* the world, would at least turn from the old practice of converting as they go; but they do not. On the whole they practice the same as the *converters* rather than as *witnesses*.

"Now *this* is the most discouraging thing of all—the failure of those at home and abroad alike, to quit the *practice* of the *converters*, after the Lord has corrected their *doctrine*.

"Here comes in another vital element. The great things the Lord has been able to do for and with your tabernacle, is due to the one big, vital fact, that you have given the Lord His place in your lives and practice, and come to know His Executive *as a person*. This is the big, positive thing of all the Lord's work. Its opposite is equally necessary. You have become also acquainted with Satan as a person,

and with his devices. The great majority, indeed, almost all the churches, neither know the Paraclete or Satan *as persons*. Each are spoken of and treated as influences. Even the majority of those who become somewhat acquainted with the Holy Spirit, practice Galatianism in this, that *they* still are the workers and the work is *theirs*. The greatest one hindrance I know in the Church is trying to be carpenters instead of tools in the Carpenter's kits. Satan appears to have persuaded every saw that it can put up the Lord's Building, and every hammer and even bradawl that they can do it, too. Were it not so infinitely sad it would be a joke.

"It is true that even a bradawl in the hands of our Lord's Executive (the Paraclete) can do even 'greater things' than the Carpenter of Nazareth. He said so. But the bradawl cannot use Him, it must let Him use it.

"Now have I made myself clear?"

"You surely have." This from Goodwin.

"Pardon me, Mr. Goodwin, and permit this correction: He who dwelleth with you and is in you, has used my *testimony*, not my *influence*, to make this truth clear to you. He has interpreted or revealed it, I have only been His personal instrument to voice this great truth, as the truth is in Jesus."

Simultaneously the mind-eyes of every one in the room had been enlightened, and their natural eyes were full of tears as they realized what their Resident Teacher was doing in them and for them. After a brief pause, Ploughman proceeded:

“As to the practical side of this commission given to the Holy Spirit as well as to the Church, failure to recognize His ability to do His own work with despised tools has been the bane of missions. ‘Just as I am without one plea,’ is recognized by all successful Gospel workers as the condition on which sinners can approach God for pardon. Then they forget it. The tools do not continue to say to the Carpenter, ‘Just as I am, O Master Workman, deign to use me. I am not a big tool, the metal in me is not much good and is badly tempered, I am rusty and ill-shaped and in nowise worthy for the honor of being held in Thine hand, much less used upon the construction of Thy Building, but O Lamb of God, in that Thou bidst me let Thee use me, I wait, I wait, for Thee. ’Twill be sufficient glory for me throughout the ages of ages that Thou has so honored me.’

“None of us are very joyous over the heat of the fire He plunges us into, nor do we like

the beating on His anvil as He shapes us into an instrument He can use, pounding out the crooks and unevenness. And we shiver when He plunges us into the cold bath to temper us, e’en though He watches with a master eye our change of color—that signifies to Him the right temper for His purpose. Most of us complain and mutter. But though it is not pleasant but grievous, afterwards they who are ‘exercised’ with this ‘affliction,’ behold ‘the peaceable fruit of righteousness,’ and are glad.

“Now we come to the great encouragement. You in the tabernacle have seen the Lord the Spirit working, and are overwhelmed at His goodness and staggered by what He has accomplished with you, who, as His personal instruments, have ‘Let Him’ do in you, for you and through you, these things. You have seen Him accomplishing wonders with the instruments the world despises, and the lack of wisdom the world thinks necessary. I have carefully computed the possibilities, and am exuberantly joyful over what may be accomplished in thus simply witnessing as bidden, to every creature. A quarter of a billion dollars and five years time is sufficient to reach the remaining five hundred millions* with such twice-born co-wit-

*The Lay movement say one thousand millions. I believe five hundred millions is correct. (Editor.)

nesses to Christ, as the Holy Spirit has asked you to set apart for the work whereunto He has called them. They in turn repeating this on the field, using the converts won, like great captains of industry use their employees, multiplying themselves, will speedily put the Spirit of God in a position to testify with their lips to every creature, making them a sweet savor unto God in every place, whether they will hear or forbear, so that God will be justified and the Servant of Genesis 24 and Luke 14 may take the servants of Matthew 22 to meet their descending Lord. God raise up many tabernacles to send out many George Hudsons, as He did at Antioch and as He has done with you, and take all fear of using native converts out of the missionaries to finish His evangelization rapidly, yet thoroughly, and spare the latter Church another such scattering abroad to go everywhere preaching the Gospel as He was obliged to do in Jerusalem with the early Church."

When he had finished Harper quoted, "Concerning the work of my hands, command Thou me.' Let us ask Him to do this work of His hands."

Some things are a little too sacred to put into words. They prayed in secret; let us await God's reward openly.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the way out Peter Goodwin said to Mr. Harper, "See here, Harper! we have not extracted a tithe of that man's first-hand information, and it would simply be criminal to not get wised-up with such a man at hand, willing to give us of his best. He knows. We don't. He has given George Hudson a start in the right direction. May we not get together again and tap his fund of mission knowledge? He is not only sane but full of the milk of human kindness, without being a milk-sop. I fancy he would be hard to get along with if crossed; but all men who arrive, are. God does not seem to cross that idea either. He uses men of independent wills and stubbornness; but He first takes captive their wills and minds and hearts, and catches their usefulness on the start and finish of their course—then He has an instrument with whom He can do something. What do you say to our getting together again?"

"By all means," said Harper. "I feel as you do, that he knows, we do not know. He unquestionably can save us many blunders, if we give him a chance to testify and let the Holy

Spirit use his testimony to make us wise unto missions. There is a vast work to be done 'quickly,' and I see you, like myself, want a hand in it and wish expensive mistakes eliminated."

"I sure do," was Peter's emphatic answer.

"I will speak to the others and you do so, too. Supposing you speak to Henderson, Longstreet and Warren; and I to Carr, Simpson and Ploughman?"

"Good!" said enthusiastic Peter.

A few days later they were all together again. Harper opened the discussion by asking Ploughman if he would not tell them the reason board missions were getting such meagre results, emphasizing the mistakes and hindrances.

"At home, the wrong training and lack of care and good judgment in selecting men for the field; on the field wrong training of native believers and lack of a producing engineer with grace, brains, tact and authority," he replied.

"Won't you please illustrate?" requested Harper.

"With pleasure. You yourself are a good example of wrong home training. You had to arrive by another route," he promptly replied.

Harper winced a little at this, but admitted

it was too true, so far as he had "arrived" in any adequate sense.

"As to the field," continued Ploughman, "I will use as illustrations two men of great ability who knew the Gospel, but when they died were very largely failures. I knew both men intimately. Both were my friends. The first was a harmless man of giant intellect, great scholarship, and a hard worker. He was a book worm and a very accurate linguist.

"Besides this fitting, I always thought of him as the most Christlike, gentle soul on the field. The most polished preacher, using finished English, more at home in Greek and Hebrew than many are in English, the language of his field so acquired he was thrice pronounced by men who knew as the most faultless speaker of the native language on the field—he was fitted as men very rarely are for translating the Scriptures. But that is a coveted work, and he, being modest and retiring, besides lacking the self-seeking spirit, was never asked to do the work of translating and did not thrust himself forward. He was left in evangelism, at which he was personally successful; not only having a goodly number of churches, but one of his churches was the largest of any single worker on his field.

Yet he was totally lacking in executive ability. He knew nothing of selecting other men and putting them to work.

The other man was a natural born business man. He was, like the former, in a board mission, which means he had gone the rounds of the schools and theological seminary. His ability in business, however, was so exceptional he received an offer of \$25,000.00 salary and stock in the concern to leave the mission field and manage a branch business for a three million dollar concern. It is to his credit he refused. He was a good man. He emphasized the blood and the integrity of the Scriptures. He knew experimentally the new birth. There was one thing he could not do well. Though he spoke the native language glibly, he could not translate. He lacked the gift. That was the task he chose and had the assertion to secure.

"Speaking recently to a staid board missionary of the faithful, plodding type, I referred to this man and his enormous capacity for work, mentioning the well-known fact that he had worked harder than any man on the field; but, I asked, What has he got to show for it? He instantly replied: "That is what they all say; that he has practically nothing to show for his hard work for thirty years."

"To me it has seemed infinitely sad and a colossal blunder that missions should not have a constructive engineer to correctly place such misplaced men and conserve their ability and work for the Church.

"The former man would have produced a translation of the Bible equal to our 'Authorized Version.' The latter not only had the ability but the financial backing and the opportunity such as very rarely comes to any man, to handle a very great evangelistic work, and had he been placed at evangelism in the right way, with his capacity to handle men, the capital at his disposal, together with the true Gospel, he would have had the largest work this world has ever seen. From 2,000 to 3,000 churches would be a very reasonable number to anticipate.

"This blunder seems almost criminal.

"Then consider the waste of money:

"In that field they had a board of four translators and as many native assistants. They spent twelve years in giving to the field a poor translation. It cost in salaries alone, over \$120,000.00—say £24,000 sterling; and when they finished, they set right to work to do it over again.

"The first man mentioned would have done it singly, with one or two native secretaries, and have made a first-class, conscientious, brilliant job in six years, and it would only have cost the Church \$10,000.00, say £2,000, and would not have required doing over again.

"The second man would have had, single handed, using native Christians, about one and one-half times the number of churches his whole mission of one hundred missionaries have got, and would have covered ten times the ground, many times over, as thoroughly, as rapidly.

"The waste is criminal."

"It surely is," said Peter, and all present assented.

"Do you know of no missionary in the board missions who has done that kind of practical evangelizing?" asked Harper.

"Yes, I have heard of a man in Southern China who has got fifty churches in the course of about thirty years, by securing all the natives he can, with the handicap of board ideas."

"Is there no outstanding man in missions, who has advocated the large use of native Christians in the past?"

This from the financier, Elder Carr.

"Why, yes,—David Livingstone," replied

Ploughman. "His exploration work hindered him from practicing this on a large scale. But he early advocated it, and put it successfully in practice on a small scale."

"What men have moulded mission policy in the past?" Mr. Carr enquired.

"Carey and Duff," Ploughman replied. "They have saddled the mission enterprise with its worst bane—educationalism."

"Don't you believe in education?" asked Harper.

"God uses scholars but not scholarship," he replied. "The Church has forgotten that when God needed a scholar, He chose and called Paul. The bulk of His early work in the Church He did with uncultured fishermen."

"Then would you not say that scholarship is needed, and men must, therefore, be trained?" asked Harper.

"Not unless God has lost His ability to choose, call and send men of His choice. Acts 13 still works.

"Are you not a little prejudiced against scholarship, Mr. Ploughman?"

"I am," he emphatically replied. "Eating of the tree of knowledge is what got us all in trouble; and Satan still recommends it and gets away with his suggestion.

"But this apparent deep water we have gotten into is only imaginary," continued Ploughman. "There is not enough of it to get our feet wet. The crux of the whole trouble rests in the fact that men have usurped the Holy Spirit's job; then asked Him to pull their chestnuts out of the fire and let them still hold their job—His task."

"That is most surely true," said Harper, and the difference between His aspiration and ours spells success or failure, depending upon who is in the Executive chair—the Spirit of God or some man. Now, would not He do the productive engineering if allowed?"

"Undoubtedly," said Ploughman, "but He would not take from us the authority given to the race in the beginning, to exercise the will, nor would He give the work the Apostle Paul was fitted for to Mary of Bethany. He is now working with, not against, the divine law which men call 'natural.' Hence, we find Mary used in her place and Paul in his, each under the direction of the Paraclete; and Mary's home in Bethany and the Law School in Jerusalem paid for the training."

"Now, Mr. Ploughman, let us get down to the practical application of these truths you

have been setting forth," said Peter Goodwin, who was from Missouri, and wanted to know. "What would you suggest as the proper way for the tabernacle to proceed with this task of reaching those unevangelized portions of the globe, so that we would avoid the mistakes you have mentioned?"

"Just as you have been proceeding," he replied. "George Hudson and Mike O'Connor are splendidly fitted for missions and are making good under the Holy Spirit's guidance. Your pastor and tabernacle are also making good at this end. I have nothing to suggest except that you continue in God's goodness."

"Thank you, that is satisfying," said Henderson. "But supposing, Mr. Ploughman, a translator were needed where George and Mike are located?"

"There is no suppose, Mr. Henderson. The Bible is already translated there. Furthermore, were it not so, would the Holy Spirit not secure such a man in the same easy way He secured George and Mike and Paul and Barnabas, for the work whereunto He has called them?"

"That is so," said Henderson. "He is doing that for me in the store. I give Him credit for knowing more about men and business than I

do, and I would not dare to think of usurping the gracious place He is filling—nor allow others to do so.”

Mr. Harper then said, “I am sure this same blessed Mind of Christ has been making us all of one mind and heart this morning, using the testimony of our brother.”

“Amen!” said they all in unison.

“Mr. Ploughman, we will let that Amen be your thanks and encouragement. God keep up your courage. Please consider us your friends and make yourself as much at home with us, as you made George and Mike in North China. We would emulate your splendid hospitality and make such reparation as within us lies.”

“Amen,” said they all, while Brother Ploughman sat with bowed head, with a hand shading his eyes.

It was a sad and chastened man who raised his head and again addressed them:

“Thank you. I will remember your kindness.

“Gentlemen, it will be a short but bitter fight, but there is a great prize ahead. The fight itself is worthy of the noblest of our race—just as a matter of honor—and the whole of our possessions. Furthermore, we can never cancel the debt of love we owe.

“Jonathan stripped himself of his princely robe and put it on the meagerly clad David. Then off came his girdle and bow, and these he put on the young shepherd from the hills, because he loved him and knew how great he was then and how wonderful his future. ‘There was no smith in all the land.’ The young warrior could not replace his trusted blade. But his heart is knit with David’s, and off comes the sword, too, and is affectionately buckled upon the youth.

“Then they swore friendship for life. It cost Jonathan a lot to keep that oath. He had to forego all claim to the crown, deny his father and meet his friend by stealth; yet he never flinched. The finest thing about Jonathan is not his separation from his own household in loyalty to David, however, but his proud bearing as he returned to camp wearing the homely, blood-stained tunic of the shepherd. Jonathan has helped me much. He is a beautiful character. It took a manly man to stand by David in his rejection, when his only following was, ‘Everyone in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, . . . about four hundred men,’ yet so great was his soul he seems not to have been aware of his noble conduct.

“David was.

“When Jonathan had finished his course David remembers him in this tribute:

“‘Thy love to me was wonderful.’

“May this great ambition be ours—to win from the Prince of the House of David the same acknowledgment, by unashamed affection and fealty to Him in these days of His rejection, tho’ all in authority treat us as David was treated.

“It is so little we can do. And how splendid the reward if from His lips we can win the encomium Jonathan won:

“‘**THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL!**’

“‘What tho’ of all I strip me,—
The girdle and the bow,
The sword so dearly trusted
And all on Thee bestow;
What are they worth, Lord Jesus,
What are they worth to Thee,
That Thou shouldst ever utter
Such wondrous words of me?’ ”

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